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THE

Unhappy Penitent

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is ACTED,

At the Theatre Royal *in* Drury Lane, *by his Majesty's Servants.*

Written by Mrs. TROTTER.

LONDON,

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To the Right Honourable

CHARLES

Lord HALLIFAX.

My Lord,

SInce I first ventur'd into the World to stand the Test of Publick Censure, I have ever had in my aim as the highest Point of Ambition, to produce something worthy of your Lordships approbation, without which I esteem'd the Suffrages of the People, as the Votes of our Representatives, of no force till the Royal Assent Stamps them into a Law, which after none dare contradict: But conscious how far short of that Merit I have hitherto fall'n, and yet impatient to offer my intended Homage, I thus address you not as the Sovereign Judge of perfection, but as the Patron and Encourager of all who aspire to it, the no less God-like, tho' less awful Character; which how eminently your Lordships, the many who Flourish under your auspicious Influence are a proof; for if we allow a *Congreve* to owe your Favour to your Strictest Justice, there are not Numbers who cou'd find their Safety but with me, in appealing to your Goodness; tho' I am apt to think more of our Poets wou'd arrive at perfection, if they observ'd their peculiar Talent, and confin'd themselves to it.

The most Universal Genius this Nation ever bred, *Dryden* himself did not excel in every part, through most of what he has writ there appears a distinguishing greatness, that Elevation of Thought, that Sublime which transports the Soul; he commands our Admiration of himself, but little moves our concern for those he represents; his Genius seems not turn'd to work upon the softer Passions, tho' some of his last Translations are excellent in that kind, nothing more lively, more tender, or more moving, but there the *Words*, alone are his, of which it must be confess'd he had on all Subjects the exactest *Propriety*, the most *Expressive*, and dispos'd into the sweetest Numbers.

Otway besides his Judicious Choice of the *Fable*, had a peculiar Art to move Compassion, which as it is one of the chief *Ends* of *Tragedy*, he found most adapted to his Genius, and never venturing where that did not lead him, excell'd in the Pathetick.

Had *Lee* consulted his strength as well, he might have giv'n us more perfect Pieces, but aiming at the sublime, instead of being Great he is extravagant; his Stile too swelling, and if we pursue him in his flights, he often carries us out of Nature: Had he restrain'd that vain Ambition, and intirely apply'd himself to describe the softest of the Passions, (for Love of all the rest he seems best to have understood, if that be allow'd a proper subject for *Tragedy*) he had certainly had fewer defects.

The inimitable *Shakespear* seems alone secure on every side from an attack, (for I speak not here of Faults against the Rules of Poetry, but against the natural Genius) he had all the Images of nature present to him, Study'd her throughly, and boldly copy'd all her various Features, for tho' he has chiefly exerted himself on the more Masculine Passions, 'tis as the choice of his Judgment not the restraint of his Genius, and he seems to have design'd those few tender moving Scenes he has giv'n us, as a proof, he cou'd be every way equally Admirable.

I know not how, my Lord, in designing only to hint an Obstacle to perfection in our Poets, I have unawares launch'd into a subject which I fear your Lordship will think unbecoming me to touch; but if Presidents may be admitted as a Plea, several wretched Poets before me have had the priviledge of passing their Censure on the best; however I may be allow'd to urge that the Fault which I have caution'd against, is not mine, I know too well the Bounds of my stinted Talent, and I fear may rather be accused of not having exerted the little strength I have, than of aiming beyond it in this weak Performance, which I presume not to offer your Lordship but as an object of your mercy; and like some City Ladies who are content to be the jest at Court rather than not appear there, I feel a Satisfaction in the Honour of being known to your Lordship, tho' only by my Faults. The knowledge of our Transgressions may be a considerable Step towards amending them for the future, but 'tis certainly a great aggravation of them in the Committing, which I must confess my self guilty of in Writing this *Play*, being sensible before I began it of a defect in the Plot, the only one I shall mention as the foundation of all the rest; the Distress is not great enough, the Subject of it only the misfortune of Lovers, which I partly design'd in Compliance with the effeminate taste of the Age; notwithstanding which, and the right of Possession, it has long held on the Modern Stage, I have ventur'd to propose a Doubt whether Love be a pro-

per

per Subject for it; seems to me not Noble, not solemn enough for *Tragedy*, but I have a much greater Objection against it, at least as 'tis generally represented, which the best of the *French Poets* has made before me, and gives as a Rule,

Boileau *in his Art Poetique.*

—*que L'amour Souvent de remors combattu*
Parioſſe une foibleſſe, & non une vertu.

The most that can be allow'd that Passion is to be the Noblest frailty of the Mind, but 'tis a Frailty, and becomes a Vice, when cherish'd as an exalted Vertue: A Passion which contracts the Mind, by fixing it intirely on one object, and sets all our happiness at Stake on so great hazard as the caprice, or fidelity of another, which if there were no greater is sure sufficient reason, not to Arm it with more Power than its own insinuating Nature; yet this is made the shining Vertue of our Heroes we are to rejoice in their success, or pitty their Disappointments, as Noble Lovers, Patterns for our imitation, not as Instances of humane Frailty, and I fear this has not been so constantly done without ill consequence; not but Love will maintain his Dominion in the World how much soever oppos'd, but if we resign him the heart, let us not give him up the Judgment too. On these Reflections I compos'd this *Tragedy*, in which the principal Characters are indeed doting Lovers, but hurry'd by their Passion into a Fault of which their immediate punishment makes them conscious, and at once deserve their Sufferings and our Pitty. This (I cannot forbear taking notice by the way) tho' giv'n by our great Master as an inviolabe Law in this sort of Poem, is yet observ'd by few without which tho' they may give Delight, they can rarely attain that End to which the other shou'd only be Subservient of forming an Instructive Moral.

What can I say, my Lord, in excuse for intruding my Remarks before so exact a Judge, when that which is my only motive to it makes it a Presumption, the Authority of your Lordships Judgment, for were it less I cou'd not have my End; If the Drammatick rules were justly observ'd, the Stage would soon retreive that Credit which the abuses of it has I fear with too great reason lost, and be again a useful Entertainment; which as I very much wish, I know not a Surer means to effect, than by proposing the method our Poets have taken, to your Lordships decisive Sentence, which wou'd have more force than all the severest Harangnes of the Pulpit; we are apt to Suspect Men of a particular Profession, of over Zeal, or

Often-

To the Excellent

Mrs. *Catherine Trotter.*

AS when Aurora's *graceful Bluſhes chear,*
With gentle beams, the glimering Hemiſphere,
Faint are her glances, and her feeble fire,
Compels no ſaucy Critick to retire;
Her week efforts ſmall Victery can boaſt,
And her ſlight Charms but warm us at the moſt.
Mrs. Phillips. *Thus like the Morning Star* Orinda *roſe*
A Champion for her Sex, and wiſely choſe,
Conſcious of Female weakneſs, humble wais
T' inſinuate for applauſe, not ſtorm the Bays.
Mrs. Behn. *Next gay* Aſtrea *briskly won the Prize,*
Yet left a ſpacious room to Criticiſe.
But when bright Phœbus *gilds the Orb around,*
And from Olympus *ſtrikes the diſtant ground,*
With rays of glory, whoſe refulgent light,
Dazle the ſhallow Opticks of our ſight,
By the ſtrong force of excellence alone
The mighty Deity erects his Throne,
And by ſublimer faculties is known.
Like him bright Maid thy great Perfections ſhine,
As awful, as reſplendent, as divine;
Like him thy Soul in its Cœleſtial frame,
Darts forth as pure, as vigorous a flame;
And in the full Meridian *you ſit,*
With Sov'raign pow'r of Beauty, and of Wit;
And as the dimmer Tapers of the Skies,
Vail when the more tranſcendent God does riſe,
So thoſe precedent Lamps withdrew their light
Timely to do thy wond'rous Genius right.
Mirtle and Bays about thy Temples twine,
Plac'd by Apollo, *and the Sacred Nine,*
And ev'ry Grace, and ev'ry vertue's thine.
By thy judicious Rules the Hero learns
To vanquiſh Fate, and weild his Conq'ring Arms;
The baſhful Virgin to defend her heart,
The prudent Wife to ſcorn diſhoneſt Art,
The Friend ſincerity; temp'rance the Youth,
The Lover Chaſtity, and Statesman Truth.
Within thy boſom all theſe Treaſures dwell,
Nor can we judge in which you moſt excell.
So perfect even Envy you controul
Minerva *and* Diana *guard your Soul.*

Sarah Pierſe.

THE Unhappy Penitent.

ACT I.

Scene. *The King's Antichamber.*

Enter Briſſon *and* Du Croy.

Briſſon. 'TWas politickly done, I muſt admire
Madam of *Bourbon*'s Art; well might ſhe fear
Her power with the King, alone too weak
For *Margarite*'s Charms, whoſe Preſence may revive
That Love which Abſence help'd her to deſtroy.

Du Croy. 'Twas therefore doubtleſs, ſhe ſo preſs'd our Duke
To bring the Princeſs *Ann*, his Daughter, hither;
But is it to be thought the King will ſend
Marg'rite of *Flanders* home, to whom he has been
So many Years contracted, the King of the *Romans*,
Her Father, wou'd no doubt highly reſent th'Affront.

Briſ. 'Twou'd be ſtrange indeed, having from her Infancy
Been bred in *France*, and ever ſince this *Charles*
Came to the Crown ſhe has been titled Queen:
The King himſelf is juſt ſtrict to his Word
Where e're engag'd, but of an eaſy Nature,
Diſtruſting his own Judgment, whilſt ſo Young
He lets himſelf be govern'd by his Siſter,
And others of the Council he relies on,
And all oppoſe this Match.

Du Croy. Th'event will ſoon be known, th'Arch-Duke of *Auſtria*
Being here in Perſon, they can protract no longer.

Brif. He expreſſes much Affection for his Siſter,
And ſeems not pleas'd with the King's uſage of her;
Theſe ſeveral Years they've been of Age to Marry:
And then his ſtaying the two laſt at *Lyons*,
Without once ſending to her, looks but ill.
Du Croy. And his return to *Paris* may be ſuſpected,
Whilſt *Ann*, Heireſs of *Brittanie*, is here.
Brif. I think they've ſeen each other at your Court;
The King was there ſome time.
Du Croy. And 'twas obſerv'd,
She ever ſince has ſpoke of him with pleaſure,
Own'd ſhe admir'd, and wou'd with joy embrace
Any occaſion of again converſing,
With that Great, Young Monarch.
Brif. Yet there's appearance
Of a ſtrict Friendſhip betwixt her and *Marg'rite*.
Du Croy. 'Tis certainly ſincere, ſhe has a Soul
Above deceit, and will be fond of this
New Triumph for her Honour; to that ſhe makes
Her Love, Ambition, all her Paſſions, yield;
Not as oppoſing Foes, to conquering Virtue,
As Slaves already vanquiſh'd, ſo eaſily they obey.
Brif. You ſpeak a Wonder, in a Lady, and ſo Young.
Du Croy. 'Tis true, ſometimes the Duke condems her for it,
Tells her Diſſembling's needful to a Prince,
Whoſe End ſhou'd be Intereſt and Greatneſs only;
Still ſhe perſiſts, yet ſays ſhe is ambitious,
But 'tis of being Great within her ſelf,
Not in her Titles, or Poſſeſſions.
Brif. She needs not any, thus pictur'd is ſhe greater
Than the Dominion of the World cou'd make her.
Du Croy. And yet methinks, a few of thoſe nice Notions
Were not ill barter'd for the Crown of *France*.
Brif. Shortly we ſhall know how ſhe eſteems it,
If they perſwade the King to make the Offer.
Du Croy. Be they ſucceſsful, for the future peace
Of *Britannie*. Think you the King's yet ſtirring?
Brif. I thought e're this he wou'd have left his Chamber:
This way he paſſes, but perhaps he's tir'd
With his Journey that he out-ſleeps his Hour.
Du Croy. 'Twill be a glorious Court, ſo many Princes
Gracing it.
Brif. And a diverting one;
The King being juſt return'd, after an abſence
Of two Years, all will be emulous
Of Entertaining him, with Muſick chiefly,

'Tis

'Tis his darling pleasure. He's coming now.

Enter the King, Madam of Bourbon, Graville, Du Law, *&c.*

Madam of Bourbon *with him on th'other hand,*
Graville, Du Lau *two of the Privy Council,*
Who have most power with him.

King. Thus circled by such Subjects, these Oracles of Wisdom;
The Prudence and Affection of a Sister,
I have in Youth all the Advantages
Of most experienc'd Monarchs.

Gra. I'll not decline this Praise to have observ'd
And learn't, by all the Troubles in the Reign
Of *Lowis*, your great Father, how t'advise
Both for you Majesty's, and your Kingdom's Interest.

Mad. If I fail, 'twill be in want of Prudence
Not of Love, and seconded by these,
I dare pronounce the Match we have propos'd,
A wise and happy Choice.

Du Lau. Much, Sir, you've heard
Of the Disturbances which *Britannie*
Gave to your Father's life, so will it you,
If not secur'd in peace by Marrying
The Heiress of that Provence.

King. And so involve my self in guilty War,
Unjustly to defend a Breach of Faith.

Gra. There is not, Sir, on that side any danger;
The King of the *Romans* is too weak t'attempt
Ought against you, and too well loves his Money
T'engage in an expensive fruitless War,
But barely to revenge your slighting *Marg'rite.*

Du Lau. Her Brother has less Power, since you possess
The greatest part of that Dominion
With which their Grand-father, last Duke of *Burgundy*,
Was long a formidable Foe to *France*;
Till at the last in raising and extending
His own Fame, he ruin'd and depress'd
His Family, scarce left 'em to inherit
Ought but his glorious Name.

King. Yet they'l have Heav'n
And Justice on their side.

Gra. You wrong 'em not;
Nor can you break a Contract which you made not:
'Twas by your Father in your Infancy.
When 'twas as necessary for his Interest,
As now it is for yours t'evade the Match;
And Princes ought, in Marriage, to consider

Intereſt of State alone.
King. Thus far I've follow'd
Your judicious Counſels to defer
My Marriage, till time had ripen'd me for judging:
And leaſt I ſhou'd be ſway'd by Inclination,
Siſter, on your Advice I did abſent
From *Marg'rite*, whoſe Charms might byaſs ſtronger Judgments;
And now return with all th'indifference
Requir'd for a juſt impartial Choice:
But Honour ſhall direct me, and as with that
I can, I will comply in what you offer.
Mad. Brother, I queſtion not but you will own,
We've not conſulted only for your Intereſt;
That *Ann* of *Brittanie*'s a Bleſſing, worthy
To fill the nobleſt Heart: But you have ſeen her.
King. With little obſervation, but as oblig'd
In Ceremony at her Father's Court,
For all my thoughts were center'd then on *Marg'rite.*
Sir, I'm aſham'd your Highneſs ſhou'd prevent me, [*Enter the Duke of* Brittanie.
I had deſign'd, by waiting on you firſt,
To ſhew how highly I eſteem the Honour
You, and your beauteous Daughter do our Court.
Brit. 'Tis a Reſpect ſhe ow'd your Royal Siſter.
Mad. A favour I entreated, and have hopes
T'enrich the Crown of *France* with ſuch a Jewel.
King. Its luſtre wou'd indeed but ſet off hers,
An Ornament ſhe merits, tho' needing none.
Brit. Such as ſhe is with her, your Majeſty
May have at preſent what Places in the Provence
You ſhall think fit to Chuſe; at my Deceaſe all *Brittany* is yours.
King. We ſhall conſult on't.
Brit. Has your Majeſty determin'd yet,
Ought of the Duke of *Lorrain*'s Pretenſions?
Four Years are now expir'd, in which you promis'd
To diſcuſs his Title to *Provence.*
King. They aſſure me 'twas impartially conſider'd,
As I charg'd it ſhou'd, and that they find
The Right by which I claim it to be ſtrongeſt.
Brit. I doubt it not; but give me leave thus far
To Intereſt my ſelf (as to the Duke
I've undertaken) t'intreat you wou'd diſpatch
All his Affairs, and what Aſſiſtances
You're pleas'd to give him for his Expedition
Into *Naples*; daily he's ſollicited
From the Nobility, t'accept the Gift
His Holineſs has made him of that Crown.

And haſten to relieve 'em from th'oppreſſion
Of their Tyrant; he only waits to know
Your Reſolution,
King. The Dutchy of *Bar* already is deliver'd;
(What he can juſtly claim, I would not make
So ill an uſe of Power as to keep from him:)
Nor ſhall he ſtay one moment for the Aid
I promis'd him, all's ready to attend him,
This day, if he think fit.
Brit. So Ill' Inform him.
Mad. Sir, th' Arch-Duke of *Auſtria.* [*Ent.* Auſtria *attended*]
King. A Prince
Whom my deſire to ſee, wing'd me to *Paris.*
Heir to the Vertues of the Gallant *Charles*
Of *Burgundy*, whoſe Spirit by the Mother
Was convey'd to this Young Duke, in whom
All that was great of him's reviv'd.
Auſt. He ſhou'd have left me then
A larger Provence t'exert that Greatneſs in;
Unleſs perhaps mine is a harder Task,
And needs the braver Soul, to ſuffer Wrongs,
Which he had power to hinder, or revenge.
King. It ſerv'd but to create him Enemies.
Not ſo much fear'd, in *France*, as he was hated;
Where you, Sir, are a welcome Gueſt, belov'd, and honour'd.
Auſt. My Siſter too, is Honour'd much in Words,
Your Subjects call her Queen.
King. And I believe
In every thing reſpect her, as ſhe were Queen.
Auſt. I think, 'tis Sir, her due.
King. Her Merit claims it.
Auſt. To her Rank, I meant,
Tho' yet your Nuptials are not Solemniz'd,
At which, ſince unperform'd, I'm pleas'd I ſhall be preſent.
King. Some time will be requir'd to reſolve in.
Aus. Reſolve! On what? Are you not ſtrongly ty'd;
Already in Poſſeſſion of her Dowre?
King. What was deliver'ed, Sir, on that Condition,
If I perform it not, ſhall be return'd.
Auſt. Is't poſſible! Dare you affront her thus!
Tho' this with cauſe my Siſter apprehended,
I'd not believe a King cou'd be ſo baſe.
King. Take care Young Prince I wou'd not break with you
The Laws of Hoſpitality, or Friendſhip,
But reflect not on my Honour, of that
I am my ſelf beſt judge, and know to govern
My own Actions.

Auſt.

Auſt. You cannot,
Poor precarious Prince, theſe are your Sovereigns,
Without whoſe Leave, you dare not to be juſt.
King. What e're they are, I ſhall not ask your Leave,
To do what I think fit.
Auſt. No, you believe you may ſecurely wrong me,
Whilſt you're poſſeſs'd unjuſtly of that Right,
By which my Predeceſſors aw'd your *France*;
But know you ſhall not unreveng'd add this Injuſtice;
'Twill be the common cauſe of all brave Princes,
Whoſe Dignity is ſtruck at, in this Affront
To one of equal rank; dread the effect
When Power is added to a Soul as daring
As that *Charles*, who made a greater Man [*Ex.* Auſtria *cum ſuis*]
Than you, your Father *Lowis* tremble.
King. I am not to be threatned from my purpoſe.
Brit. Theſe Words wou'd at an Army's head ſound well,
They're weakneſs in a Prince, who can but threaten.
King. Had he united all the Power of *Europe*.
He might give Laws to *France*, but never to it's King;
I take my Subjects Counſel; that Prince who will not
Be adviſ'd, forgets he is a Man,
As he that will be govern'd does that he's a King.
Mad. Brother, I think you, or the Duke of *Auſtria*,
Forget you are a King, that thus unguarded,
In your own Dominion, he ſpeaks ſo boldly.
King. That's his Safety, but he's truly Brave,
Somewhat I think too hot, and raſh, he ſeems,
So I have heard him Character'd, impatient
Of the leaſt intended Injury,
And from a bare appearance apt to conclude
A real one; tho' now we muſt confeſs
He has juſt cauſe.
Gra. You both have reaſon, Sir,
The Duke to be enrag'd, your Majeſty
To give him the occaſion, 'tis againſt
His Intereſt, therefore he is concern'd,
You, Sir, have greater Cauſe to conſult yours,
In whoſe a Nation's Safety is involv'd.
Du Lau Graville. Has drawn a juſt Concluſion, Sir,
The Example is inſtructive, your motive is
The ſame againſt, as his is for the Marriage;
If then the Duke's Reſentment's reaſonable,
So, Sir, the cauſe of it muſt be from you.
King. My Reſolution ſhall be ſoon determin'd;
This I promiſe, paſſion ſhall not ſway me.

'Tis

'Tis time I visit both the Princesses;
Let Musick be prepar'd to entertain 'em.
Will your Highness bear me Company?

Brit. I am to see the Duke of *Lorrain* this Morning,
To let him know your Majesty's intentions.

King. My Subjects good shall be my chief concern.
But as befits a Monarch, their Noblest Interest,
Which he alone consults, and knows to prize,
Who dares the rest to Honour, Sacrifice.

[Ex. *King, &c. Manent, Brittanie* and *Du Croy.*

Du Croy. The Duke of *Lorrain* is much indebted
To the Zeal your Highness shews to serve him.

Brit. O *Du Croy,* I have found my happy Rival;
Did I not tell thee when with needful caution,
I sounded *Marg'rites* thoughts th'indifference
She shew'd for the King's infidelity,
Gave me some hopes, but dash'd with stronger fears,
Some other secret Love must be the cause,
Lorrain's my Rival, blest belov'd *Lorrain.*

Du Croy. And therefore you take pains to make him great,
And worthier of your Mistris.

Brit. Therefore he must be gone on any terms,
Before the King declares he will desert her;
And my appearing Friendship gains me his Trust,
By which I shall have means to disappoint,
What e're designs Love may inspire him with;
Let him succeed unenvy'd in ambition.

Du Croy. But has your Highness search'd her heart enough,
To be secure you shall succeed *Lorrain.*

Brit. I have as carefully conceal'd my Passion
From *Margarite*'s, as from all others knowledge,
And look that not a Whisper of it scape thee;
Shou'd the King but suspect I had thoughts that way,
Fear I might give another Heir to *Britannie,*
Wou'd stop the intended Marriage with my Daughter,
Which when perform'd, and as I must contrive,
Lorrain remov'd, what have I left to fear;
By both abandon'd.
For Honour and Revenge she'll mine approve,
Rather than bear the Brand of slighted Love.

[Exeunt.

ACT

ACT II.

Enter the Duke of Lorrain, *Duke of* Britain, *and two Neapolitan Lords.*

Lor. I Will not take an Obligation.
From one that has deny'd me Juſtice.

Brit. Not to procure the means to right your ſelf?
When you're poſſeſs'd of *Naples*, the King of *France*
May be compell'd to give you back *Provence*.

Lor. And with what Honour cou'd I turn againſt him,
That power which I ſhou'd owe to his Aſſiſtance;
No *Britannie*, *Naples* without his Aid,
Shall be reliev'd, and then without reproach
I may in Arms aſſert and clear my Title.

1. *Lord.* Great Sir, the Fleet waits you at *Genoa*,
With what Power his Holineſs cou'd ſend you
To ſecure his Gift, which with the Party
Of our own Country-men that will join with you,
(Whoſe Reſolution nothing can add to
But your preſence) doubt not you'l find ſufficient.

2. *Lord.* The whole Body of our Nobility
Expect you, as the Soul to animate 'em;
But grow impatient of your long delay,
And ſend you word by us, unleſs you ſuddenly
Appear in their defence, they'll be conſtrain'd
To make their Peace with *Ferrand*, our Oppreſſour.

Lord. My Lords, ſo much I owe to the Affection
Your Country has expreſs'd for me, to wiſh
I may procure it liberty under
Your preſent King, ſince in all Revolutions,
What e'er particular Grievances are eas'd,
The Publick ever ſuffers.

2. *Lord.* Too well we know
The Tyrant's Nature, and have too far provok'd him
To truſt him, or expect he'l e're forgive us.

1. *Lord.* On you, our Eyes, our Hopes, our Hearts, are fix'd,
Nor can you, Sir, reject us as a Gift;
Which at your choice you might accept or not,
You by our common Father as a Bleſſing

Are

Are giv'n to us, and as our right we claim you.

Lor. It grieves me they so much depend on one
Too weak, much to depend upon himself;
But to my power your hopes shall be effected,
And with what haste my Destiny permits.

1. *Lord.* Your Destiny waits, Sir, and calls for you.

Lor. My Lords, this is you know the Queen's Apartment.
I am oblig'd t' attend her, that Duty paid,
At mine you shall be farther Satisfy'd.

2. *Lord.* We'll wait on your return. [*Exeunt* Lords

Brit. Why seems the Great *Lorrain* thus irresolv'd
And pensive? When his ripe Fate tempts him to pluck,
And bending to his Hand courts him to Action;
Does it become a Man Elected,
By the general Voice a glorious King,
The Scourge of Tyranny.

Lor. No *Britanie*,
But it becomes a Slave, such as *Lorrain*;
Honour, Revenge, Ambition, all my Passions
Obey a stronger power; or rather I
Am all one passion, in which the rest, like weaker Flames
Attracted by a raging Fire, are lost,
And undistinguish'd, burn but to encrease
Their wild Devourer.

Brit. Ambition, nor Revenge;
It must be Love then, makes you seem neglectful
Of Honour; nay, give me leave to add, of Duty.

Lor. Look on me as another *Antony*,
Who lost the World to follow *Cleopatra*.

Brit. His Life too, and his Fame, unpity'd dy'd,
And since condemn'd by all Posterity;
Are you Ambitious to be so recorded?

Lor. Justly he was Condemn'd,
Whose choice was much unworthy such a Sacrifice,
One whose prostituted, wanton Love,
Had spread her Name with Infamy,
Far as his Power and Fame which fill'd the Globe,
Ill I compar'd my self, I cou'd not cherish
Such a Shameful Passion.

Brit. Are you so nice?
'Tis well he is so, this may serve my purpose. [*aside*

Lor. But to lose one whose Spotless Vertue, whose Love,
Whose Constancy, whose Worth, outweighs the Worlds?

Brit. Why must you lose her? Will not the Crown of *Naples*
Be worthy of this Miracle's Acceptance?

Lor. O there is a danger! But if you wish me

This Elected King, you may assist me,
You say you are my Friend, and in this Cause
You must be so, our Interests are united;
Hasten your Daughter's Marriage with the King,
On that my Peace, my Fortune, Life depends;
For without that, I fear *Margarite* will ne'er be mine.
Brit. This *Marg'rite* of *Flanders*, th' intended Queen?
Lor. She *Britannie*, unnam'd you well might guess
'Tis She I dote on thus.
Brit. Wherefore should this
Detain you? Were it not Noble to present
A Kingdom, in exchange for that She loses?
Nor doubt the King will leave her, of my self
This day he ask'd my Daughter.
Lor. I dare not trust my Fate with what's so dear to me,
Let it dispose of Kingdoms——
I am immoveable till she's secur'd.
Brit. Then as I truly wish you great, *Lorrain*, [*En.* Du Croy
I'll use my utmost power to make you so—
Du Croy. 'Tis well — Came you in search of me?
A word in private—I've heard you say you'd Skill
In counterfeiting written Characters,
Suppose you try'd it on the King's, as I shall dictate?
Du. Cr. Your Highness may Command me.
Brit. Attend me then,
I'll give you an Original of his Hand——
(to *Lor.*) He tells me the King desires a Conference
In private with me, it happens luckily;
Believe my Friend I'll serve you with a zeal
Beyond your wishes, since I find you thus resolv'd.
Lor. 'Tis kind to pity what you disapprove;
I am past Advice, indeed.
Du Cr. May't please your Highness's, the Queen. [*En.* Mag'rite
Brit. I must retire. [*Ex.* Britannie *and* Du Croy]
Lor. The Queen, so 'twas he'd call you, Madam.
Mar. They think to fawn, and please me with the Title,
Which none knows how much I both disdain,
And dread, but he that has unlock'd my heart,
And sees it's inmost thoughts.
Lor. O *Margrite!*
Mar. You seem disturb'd.
Lor. And you are calm, O did you Love,
Cou'd you be thus, and see a danger near
Of losing what you love!
Mar. What danger mean you;
Lor. Is not the King return'd?

Mar.

Mar. Shou'd that diſorder me?
Lor. If he ſhou'd claim his Right of Contract with you?
Mar. 'Tis forfeited, does not his ſtrange behaviour,
In two Years Abſence not once ſending to me;
His long deferring of our Marriage,
And the Propoſal has been made to *Ann*
Of *Britannie*, which from her ſelf I know;
Does it not prove his Infidelity?
And free me from an Obligation, for which
I long reſiſted that impulſe, that Sympathy,
That unſeen Power, that in ſpight of me
Had made you Maſter of my Heart, which now
With pleaſure I ſubmit to;
Lor. But is't impoſſible——O forgive my fears,
And if they're guilty, blame my too much Love;
Can I reflect that all that tenderneſs
That makes my happineſs once bleſt another,
And not fear the flame but ſtifled, may
Revive to my Deſtruction?
Mar. How oft (to Silence this ungrateful Jealouſy)
Muſt I repeat, I never lov'd this *Charles*?
Till I ſaw you ne'er knew what 'twas to Love,
But being bred from Infancy together,
And looking on him as my deſtin'd Husband,
I cheriſh'd what eſteem he ſeem'd to merit,
Which then (not knowing one I cou'd prefer,
Nor having felt a ſtronger Paſſion) I
Immagin'd Love; yet he perceiv'd my coldneſs,
And oft complain'd that all I did, or ſaid,
Was with Deliberation, that at our parting,
Or on the greateſt exigence, he ne'er
Cou'd ſee me mov'd, beyond my cooleſt temper;
I ſaid 'twas Nature, a defect of Fire;
And ſo I thought it, Is it ſo *Lorrain*?
Am I inſenſible?
Lor. O, I muſt own,
With Pride, what I've with Extaſiy beheld!
Yes, I have ſeen you, when after a long Abſence,
O let me ſay we met with equal Fires!
That I have ſeen you for a moment loſt,
Your melted Eyes confeſs'd a Soul enflam'd,
And doubled all my Tranſports!
Mar. O had my Soul been charm'd before, as now,
Cou'd it have e're receiv'd a new impreſſion?
If you *Lorrain*, ſhou'd prove like him, unfaithful,

Think you I e're cou'd love another thus?

Lor. 'Tis Extaſy to hear you.

Enter the Duke of Auſtria

Auſ. I am not Grandſon to the Noble *Burgundy*,
If this paſs unreveng'd.

Mar. What offends you Brother?

Auſ. I've ſeen this *Charles*, and find him as you thought,
The Stain of Royalty; one that deſcends
To Actions, the meaneſt of his Slaves will bluſh
In the repeating.

Mar. Has he then declar'd——

Auſ. As to me he durſt——that he ſhou'd dare
But think ſuch a Diſhonour, to my Siſter!
Our Houſe be ever branded with the Infamy,
If I forgive him.

Lor. He more deſerves your pitty, than your anger,
Who throws a Jewel of ſuch value from him,
Unknowing of it's worth,

Auſ. He muſt be taught it then, and puniſh'd for his folly;
Lorrain, if you're that Friend you have profeſs'd,
Or if you love my Siſter, as you ſeem,
You'll join with me to do her noble Juſtice.

Lor. To ruin all my hopes, and force my Rival
To what moſt I dread! O *Auſtria*, think
The King's Offence, is what alone can give
Your Friend the ſmalleſt hope of ever being happy.

Auſ. Think not I'll ever condeſcend to give him
What he cou'd once doubt, if he ſhou'd accept;
Shou'd he lay all his power at her Feet
'Twou'd not att one, ſo much I find him now
Unworthy of her, I diſdain th' Alliance;
Take her *Lorrain*——
But with her, make her Injuries your own.

Lor. How have you bleſt me!——When, what muſt be done?
Command my Sword, my Life, I am all yours.

Auſ. Haſt to poſſeſs your ſelf in peace of *Naples*,
Then we'll conſult of War.

Lor. But might I firſt ſecure this greateſt Bleſſing.

Auſ. 'Tis certain, the Affairs of that diſtreſſed Nation,
Are reduc'd to ſuch Extremity,
They need your ſpeedieſt Aid; I wiſh you've not
Defer'd too long already.

Lor. This day, Madam, if you conſent, may ſet
My Happineſs out of the reach of Fortune.

Auſ.

Auſ. Since I know your heart, Siſter, to ſave your bluſhes,
I'll have it ſo, this day, ſecure a Union,
Which I, as much as either of you, joy in.
Mar. 'Tis my Duty, Brother, to obey you,
But I intreat it may be kept conceal'd,
Till the King's Purpoſe publickly be known.
Auſ. 'Tis prudently adviſ'd, I'll diſpoſe
My Chaplain for the Secret, and what elſe
Is needful with caution muſt be manag'd.
Lor. I truſt to you, my Brother, O you muſt
Contrive, Inſtruct, do all, for I am yet
Too much tranſported, to deliberate. [*Enter* Ann *of* Britannie
Mar. The Princeſs *Ann*! in this important Moment
Appears the trueſt Friend, the perfecteſt
Of all her Sex; bleſt be the happy Omen.
Ann. Confirm it Fate, what e'er th'occaſion be.
Mar. One that portends no ill to my fair Rival,
Tho' it may prove of conſequence to you,
Therefore to you alone it ſhall be truſted.
Auſ. Lorrain, our ſelves muſt be employ'd on this occaſion;
We may with freedom ſpeak before this Lady;
Does ought remain we have not yet conſider'd?
Lor. Enough, enough, dear *Auſtria* we loſe time,
Away, let's haſt, forgive me, Madam,
That I am as impatient now to leave you,
As I have us'd to be in flying to you;
I knew we met but for ſhort joys before,
But part this once, that we may part no more [*Ex cum* Auſtria
Mar. What Bleſſings cou'd the Crown of *France* have giv'n me,
Equal to ſuch a heart!
Ann. And yet I hope,
You'd part with that, rather than ſtain your Honour,
Not Wed *Lorrain*, rather than not deſerve him.
Mar. Intend you to accuſe me?
I am not conſcious to my ſelf of guilt.
Ann. We owe our care firſt to be juſtify'd
To our own Thoughts, next to the Worlds;
I wou'd not have my Friend give an occaſion
For Malice to reproach her, may not the King
T'excuſe himſelf, lay the firſt Breach on you?
Mar. Therefore we ſhall conceal our Marriage,
Till he declare his Falſhood.
Ann. Innocence needs not ſuch cloſe Coward Arts,
As much the puniſhment of guilt, as it's
Security; no *Marg'rite*, with Actions
Fair, and open, as you know 'em juſt,

Up-

Upbraid the Crime, that ſhame's him to diſſembling.
Mar. To what wou'd you direct me? Thou beſt guide,
And Pattern of Perfection, which I wou'd follow,
But with Paſſion blinded, may need your aid
To lead me, more than the Bright Example.
Ann. I wou'd adviſe you inſtantly write to the King,
Tell him that ſince you are inform'd he means not
To perform his Contract, you reſolve
To give your ſelf by your own inclination;
But wait his anſwer, for your liberty.
Mar. Shou'd he not grant it?
Ann. Have you a doubt of that,
Yet have conſented to another Marriage?
Mar. I have no cauſe to doubt, unleſs accuſing
Move him to repent, and fear t'occaſion
What doubly muſt afflict me, to loſe *Lorrain*,
And hinder you of a Poſſeſſion, you better merit,
And wou'd be happier with, than I cou'd ever.
Ann. Think not I cou'd be happy in poſſeſſing
What I knew owing to the Faithleſsneſs,
And Infamy of him that ſhar'd it with me;
Tho' were the King ſo honourably great
As once he ſeem'd, (tho' not this mighty Monarch)
I wou'd have choſe him from the reſt of Princes,
How e'er in Power, or Dignity, Superiour,
But cannot love, what I muſt ceaſe to value;
O do not leſſen that I have for you,
Take the Opinion of a Friend unbyaſs'd,
Who has adviſ'd no more than what ſhe thinks your Duty.
Mar. What were too great to hazard for ſo glorious
An Eſteem! This moment I'll obey you.
Ann. Be Miſtriſs of your ſelf, and firm to Virtue,
So cheriſh, and reward my affection, that I may ne'er
My choice in this dear Friendſhip diſapprove,
As I deſpiſe the Man I moſt cou'd love. [*Ex. ſeveral*

ACT

ACT III.

Scene. Marg'rite's *Apartment.*

Enter the King, Mad. de Bourbon, Briſſon *and Attendants.*

Bour. YET, Sir, e'er you advance, e'er ſhe appear,
Grant me thus far, not to engage your word;
Think on your Loyal Subjects earneſt Prayers,
Think we can have no end in our advice,
But that which ſhou'd be yours; ſhall I prevail?
King. Not give my word, can I be more engag'd?
By many Vows t'aſſure her I approv'd
My Father's choice, I have confirm'd his promiſe;
Juſtly ſhe upbraids me, I'm angry with my ſelf
For once deliberating on an Action,
Which when her Letter did but gently mention,
I cou'd not read without a bluſh of Shame.
Bour. Can it be a guilt in you, to grant
The liberty ſhe asks? Are you oblig'd
When ſhe confeſſes another inclination?
King. If it be ſo, I only am to blame;
But that perhaps is hinted but to try me.
Bour. Then ſhe diſſembles with you.
King. No, I ever found her plain, and artleſs,
It muſt be true, ſome one who more deſerv'd her
She has bleſt; who can have charm'd that heart
Not eaſily, or violently mov'd;
Scarce did it ſeem t'ave warmth enough for Love.
Bour. That which you thought indifference might be then
Some prepoſſeſſion.
King. No, you wrong her, Siſter,
There was an open frankneſs in her kindneſs,
That ſhew'd it (tho' not paſſionate) was intire,
So had it ever been had I been juſt.
Bour. Suppoſe it wou'd, can you now condeſcen'd
To take her Perſon, whilſt her heart's anothers?

King.

King. I muſt with aſſiduity, with truth,
And Love, retrieve it. No more of your perſwaſions.

Enter Ann *of* Britain, *attended.*

Bour. Moſt oppertunely *Ann* of *Britannie*
Is here—— then, Brother, let this Lady plead.
King. There's Eloquence indeed in Beauteous Eyes;
And her's are wondrous charming! They ſtrike, and move me
With a ſtrange diſorder, ſomething I have not felt;
O hide that dangerous Beauty! Which might ſhake
A Stoicks vertue, or tempt a ſecond *Adam*
To break his Covenant, and forfeit Paradice,
To find a more delightful one in you!
Ann. If I had Beauty, Sir, or any Power,
I wou'd employ it in the cauſe of Vertue,
Not againſt her; and I rejoice ſhe'as kept
You on her ſide, as I muſt hope, finding
You in the Queen's Apartment.
King. Does that rejoice you? 'Twas cruel to declare it.
Ann. Is it cruel, Sir, to be Sollicitous
For your Glory? It ſpeaks a value for you,
Elſe I had ſeen your Actions with indifference.
King. Oh Madam, we acquit our ſelves to honour well,
In ſacrificing for it with reluctance
What we value, when with joy we part,
It ſeems more for averſion, than for vertue.
Ann. A noble heart dreads nothing more than finding
The choice it made unworthy, and ſees with pleaſure
It's inclination juſtify'd by merit,
Tho' to the loſs of what was deareſt to it.
King. Durſt I apply thoſe tender pleaſing Words;
How well wou'd they reward whatever Sacrifice
Were needful to confirm that valuable
Inclination: Let me indulge
The flattering thought thoſe Words were meant to me.
Ann. my Inclination, Sir, as you're engag'd,
Can be of little conſequence to know.
King. It wrongs not what I owe to any other,
To ask how far it might hav favour'd me, had I been free.
Ann. Search not with uſeleſs curiority,
What were for both better conceal'd for ever.
King. You have no thoughts that ſhou'd be hid, they're Noble all;
And I wou'd Prize my ſelf upon the knowledge;
You e'er beſtow'd a favourable one on me.
Ann. True, I have not a thought can raiſe a bluſh,

Why

Why ſhou'd they ſhun the Light?
No, I will tell you, whilſt your Majeſty
Honour'd my Father's Court, ſomething I obſerv'd
So Noble in your Soul; nay, I confeſs too,
Somewhat pleaſing in your Perſon, in all your Action,
That cou'd have touch'd my heart, had yours been free,
Nearer than any Prince I ever knew.

King. Oh, there's a Charm in thoſe ſoft words that might
Diſſolve the ſtrongeſt Ties, make me forget
All Obligations.
Loſt in the pleaſure to be lov'd by you,
And unknown Tranſports of a mutual Flame.

Ann. Oh, Sir, let not what I have expreſs'd ſeduce
Your Vertue, cou'd you be tempted from your Faith
To Heav'n and *Marg'rite*, not all the ſhining Glories
Of your Crown, nor ſoft Inſinuations
Of your Love, ſhou'd bribe me from my juſt Diſdain,
Of a diſhonourable and impious
Alliance, and undeſerving my Eſteem;
Were my Affection rooted with Life inſeparable,
I'd tear 'em up together.

King. There is a greatneſs
In your Nature that delights and fires me
With emulation, ſure our Souls have been
Acquainted, or were created for each other:
How fond I am of regulating mine
By ſuch a glorious Model. Yes, Madam,
To preſerve your heart I will for ever loſe you.
Haſt *Briſſon*, inform the Queen I'm here [*Exit* Briſſon.
To wait on her haſten; haſten her to th'aſſiſtance
Of my Vertue, for mine is yet but ſtruggling
To that height above the reach of Storms,
Where unmoleſted by tempeſtuous Paſſions
You are ſedately fix'd.

Ann. Now you maintain
Your higheſt Character, the awful Image
Of a Divine Original
Which we Obey and Reverence in Kings,
And as you prize the Sacred Stamp be conſtant
To your Self.

Bour. Was ever ſo fantaſtick
An Agreement againſt their mutual Wiſhes,
There can be now no hopes. [*Enter* Marg'rite.

King. That you had cauſe to reproach me I confeſs,
For 'twas a Crime to waver in my Choice;
But if a free Acknowledgment, and firm Repentance,

Stands with Heav'n instead of Innocence,
I have that Title to obtain your Pardon.
Mar. (*Aside.*) 'Tis as I fear'd.
King. You turn away in silence:
Is my Offence too great to be forgiv'n?
I have appeal'd yet only to your Goodness,
And wou'd not plead t'excuse what I have done,
Else I might urge a Nation's good,
Of weight sufficient to suspend my thoughts;
And if thus far I have let my self be govern'd
By those who're watchful for my Interest, no sooner
I resume my self than I return
To Honour, and to you.
Mar. Sir, since your Subjects have so far prevail'd,
I now intreat you'l not consider me
In prejudice of them, or your own Inclination,
Freely I release you.
King. Then I'm indeed unhappy,
The just Reproaches that I dreaded from you,
Wou'd not have been so cruel as this Coldness.
Mar. The sense your Majesty seems touch'd with of my Wrongs,
Obliges me in honour not to deceive you;
I sincerely own your past Behaviour
Has quite estrang'd you to my affection.
King. I know I've ever had but little interest in it,
As in my happiest days I had cause to fear,
Which this confirms, you cou'd not else so easily
Withdraw it.
Mar. I had kindness for you once
Sufficient to make my Duty easy; enough
You fill'd my heart t'exclude all others thence
Which now I dare not promise.
King. O Madam, I cou'd never boast that power,
Which you insinuate some other has,
Whatever place you allow'd me in your heart,
You kept your self the absolute Command;
How must it grieve me then to find,
You could submit it to such a ruling Passion,
That now you dare not promise for it's Conduct.
Mar. You'l find a Sovereign Cordial for your grief,
In that fair Princes; nay, blush not, Sir, nor be confus'd,
You may with reason glory in the change,
And all Mankind approve your nobler choice
King. The slight disorder you with cause remark'd,
Was, I confess, rais'd by a conscious thought,
Of an Emotion sudden and unusual,
I found in meeting first this Lady here;

But Oh, the anxious pains I feel, to think
You love another shews me you're dearer to me
Than my self Imagin'd.

Mar. Th' Effect of Pride,
Disdaining what we once possest tho' in it self
Not valu'd, shou'd be forc'd from us it seems
T' upbraid our weakness with a stronger power,
Or want of merit by the preference:
But, Sir, our Loves are by caprice, or fate,
And ours 'tis plain directed from each other.

King. Yet once you say your heart was mine intirely,
And what I only lost by my neglect,
I'll not despair my future Services,
My truth, and perseverance, may regain.
Can Musick charm, and soften your resentment?
Let it begin ——
Musick can all the Passions calm, or raise,
And whilst it melts, and kindles you to love,
I'll watch your Eyes, and the soft Flame improve.

They sit, Musick then all rise.

After the Musick. I'll not abuse your generous confidence,
But nobly will dispute you with *Lorrain*,
Let him who loves you best the Prize obtain;
Mean time that to your Honour you'll be just,
And to my generous Advocate, I trust.

Ex. cum suis Manent, Mar. *and* Ann.

Mar. All leave the Room —— (*To her Woman.*
O Madam, what have you done! How miserable
Have you made me!

Ann. Cou'd you have justify'd
Your Marriage to your own thoughts, knowing
Your Contract with the King is still in force?

Mar. The King was false, is false, and this is but a plot
In him, in you, and all Mankind, to plague,
And force the guilt on me.

Ann. Madam, I wish'd
The King wou'd have consented to release you,
That both might so acquit your selves with honour;
But scorn the baseness of the thought you mention,
You know not how to prize a real Friend.

Mar. Cruel Friend!
Will you deny me this poor priviledge,

To rail, to rave, to grieve, when I am wretched!
Ann. Forgive me, you indeed have greatly cauſe,
Juſt in the view of happineſs, to loſe it!
Mar. Ay, there's the aggravation! But oh, not only
To be ſnatch'd from bliſs, but then condemn'd
To endleſs torments, another's loath'd embraces!
'Tis too much for mortal bearing! Whirlwinds
Rather drive me hence ——
Or blaſt me with ſome horrible infection,
To make me hateful to his Eyes, as he's to mine;
Come any horror, any Curſe, but Marriage.
Ann. Have patience, time may work ſome happy Change,
The King may be prevail'd on to deſiſt,
Or you to love ſince he was once ſo bleſs'd.
Mar. O never, never, *Lorrain* has been too long
A tender dear Companion to my heart,
To leave it the leaſt reliſh for another,
To let it know a Joy or peace without him:
O tell me how to ſhun this miſery,
I cannot bear it, not ſupport the thought;
I cannot live, and fear it.
Ann. Indeed 'tis ſad yet better to be born,
Than the reproaches of all the Juſt and Vertuous
Of Mankind, or what's more terrible,
The Stings of ſharp remors for violated Vows
Cou'd you bear that, Conſider ——
Mar. I will conſider;
But let me firſt vent my extravangance,
Veiw my unhappineſs in all its forms,
And feel for each anticipated Torture,
Then if they do not make me mad, or break my heart,
I will conſider.
Ann. Alaſs, I pity you,
And half repent the counſel that occaſion'd
Your Misfortune; do you forgive it me.
Mar. You did the duty of a Friend, I know you did;
But leave me for a while to my deſtraction,
I wou'd alone indulge it to the height,
Then 'twill abate, and brooding o'er my grief,
You'l find me calm and gentle as a Dove,
That only in ſoft murmurs, moans it's dear loſt Mate.
Ann. May Heav'n compoſe and guide your thoughts, Farewel. [*Exit Ann.*
Mar. Was e'er a fate like mine, ſure the firſt Wretch
That by her Lover's truth has been undone,
Many complain of their perfidiouſneſs,
A common Vice, and natural to the Sex!

But

But nature must be chang'd to ruin me,
A Man cou'd not continue false to leave me happy,
Had he been always true, or still been false,
But Contradictions reconcile to make me wretched,
What hope t'avoid a fate that miracles
Are wrought t'accomplish ——
And nothing less than Miracle can make me live and bear it.
There's all my hope that it may wound to Death,
Or turn me wild to frightful Savage fury,
Or Stupify me till I'm grown insensible
Of my Misfortunes, Alass, I rave,
When calm Deliberation's necessary,
Lorrain will soon be here in height of expectation,
And impatience of our Wishes and I
Must disappoint 'em, Fate is not that sufficient
T'acquit me of the guilt of Perjury,
But I must be anothers, spare me that part of misery
And let the Sacrifice I make atone,
When I refuse to be my self the Victim;
He's come, how shall I tell him our sad Doom! [*Enter* Lorrain

Lor. Now, now, my Princess, we've secur'd our happiness
Out of the reach of Fate; let's fly my Love,
In this propitious minute to our Bliss.

Mar. I cannot speak it, [*aside.*

Lor. O do not dash my joy with shy reluctance;
Love can dispel the coyest Virgin fears.
Your Brother with a Priest is waiting in the Grove,
And my desires too eager for delay.

Mar. O *Lorrain*, do not rely too far
On promis'd happiness least unforeseen
Our flatt'ring fate betray us, think when our joys
Are highest we then are most in fortunes power,
And most shou'd fear some sudden turn t'allay
Or quite destroy 'em, there can be here no full
And yet continu'd Bliss.

Lor. Fortune may gratify
Her lov'd Inconstancy on all my other
Expectations, and checker Life with various
Disappointments, yet I shall find in you
An over-plus of good to rest my Soul on,
That will compensate all secure of that
I can bear all her mischiefs.

Mar. Is that secure.

Lor. We may this moment make it so; this moment
Is our own.

Mar. O no, have you no apprehensions,
Yet but this Morning you were full of fears;

The King might claim his Contract.

Lor. And you dispel'd 'em?
My confidence is firmly founded now
Upon your Love and Truth.

Mar. O did your happiness
Depend on that *Lorrain*, how bleſt were both,
But I in vain have tenderneſs and truth
If fate conſpires againſt us.

Lor. Why do you alarm my Soul with cauſeleſs Terrors,
It needs not to endear you in poſſeſſion,
Have I had any care, or fears, or hopes,
Or aim but center'd there, what need of this
To heighten my deſire.

Mar. Or had I e're ſuch Arts, wou'd it were artful all,
But there's, alaſs, a cauſe too great too real;
The King has juſt been with me, exacts my Promiſe,
And renews his Vows obſtinately,
Refuſing to releaſe me.

Lor. I thought that ne'er
Cou'd be an Obſtacle, when *Auſtria* had declar'd
Not his Repentance ſhou'd obtain you of him,
But find your Love's weaker than his reſentment,
That I confeſs I had not arm'd againſt.

Mar. O that you cou'd juſtly tax my want of Love,
That it had not the power thus to divide me
From my ſelf; cou'd raiſe no tumults in my Breaſt,
But leave me without Struggling to my Duty,
I were not then thus wretched.

Lor. Love in full vigour feels no oppoſition,
Like Life at it's laſt ebb the very pangs
It gives ſhews it expiring, Madam, be comforted,
The pain's ſoon paſt, and a new Life ſucceeds
Of greater pleaſures, you'll in the King no doubt
Find happineſs.

Mar. Eternal miſery,
Add not to my Affliction by this unjuſt reproach;
I fear my Love's too ſtrong that againſt Honour,
Gratitude, all Obligations ——
O, I feel it ever will conteſt
To make my grief ſtill freſh to give me ever
This diſtracting Senſe of what I've parted with,
Which nothing nothing elſe cou'd forc'd me to,
But fear to draw upon my ſelf, and what
Much more I dread, t'involve you in the guilt
And puniſhment of breaking Sacred Vows.

Lor. To day you thought 'em cancel'd, but 'tis your Sexes art

To charge th'effects of your inconſtancy,
On Conſcience when e're your fancy's Sated.
Conſcience is ſure t'upbraid, and never fails
To find a Plea for the new Inclination;
Paſſion is all your Principle of Conſcience,
And Intereſt and Ambition of your Paſſions.

Mar. This from you, *Lorrain.*

Lor. Did I act thus,
When Glory courted me, and offer'd Crowns,
I ſlighted both, fool that I was——— more fool
To think a Woman cou'd reſiſt ſuch Baits,
Not to perceive I only was accepted
On the King's neglecting you, and your pretended
Love for me, but a deſpair of his.

Mar. I thank you, what Honour, Duty,
All the King's ſubmiſſions, or his merit,
Cou'd not effect this Inſolence has done;
And if I can't receive his Love with pleaſure
I ſhall be eas'd of mine; no more regret
But proud I'm freed from what I now deſpiſe;
You've ſhown your ſelf, nor cou'd have pictur'd me
So vilely, had you not copy'd your own Soul:
My heart diſdains to harbour one that durſt
Admit thoughts ſo unworthy of it from thence,
As from my ſight I baniſh you for ever.

Lor. What have I done? O ſtay———
When Mad-men looſe their fury on themſelves,
And hurt what's deareſt to 'em, we are not angry,
But we pity 'em; inhuman *Marg'rite*,
You torture me till I'm depriv'd of reaſon,
And then condemn for what my madneſs utters.

Mar. Your words, tho' far from truth, ſeem'd not ſo wild,
As ſtudy'd thoughtful malice.

Lor. O had I thought
The things I ſaid, I had parted from you without
Reproaching you as one not worthy my reſentment;
But to know you as you are divinely perfect,
T'have rais'd my hopes to certainty of Bliſs,
And then to loſe you might tempt a Soul leſs fondly
Paſſionate to prophane like me, and rail
At things moſt ſacred; forgive th'extravagance
Of an impetuous deſpair.

Mar. Do not ask it.

Lor. Is that too much, muſt I be loaded too
With your diſdain; alaſs, my Miſeries
Were before too heavy to ſupport:

Is't not enough to see you torn for ever
From me, the All of good I'ad fix'd my Soul on;
But must you hate the Wretch you have undone.
Mar. O talk not thus, suspect, despise me, rail again,
'Tis easier so to part; but can I see you
With all this moving grief, and melting softness,
And Ever think of parting: O if the apprehension
Be thus tormenting whilst you still are with me,
What will it be when we'ere for ever parted.
Lor. You have forgiv'n me then, and do not hate me,
But time and absence will set me distant to your thoughts,
And Duty reconcile you to the King's affection,
Which once was not displeasing:
Whilst every sad reflection will aggravate my Grief,
His happiness doubles my misery,
To think him in possession of what I'm curst
To live without, blest with your soft Society,
Transported in your fond Embraces, every hour
Of Day and Night charm'd with some new endearing
Tenderness. O the distracting Vision!
How will it torture all my Senses, gnaw
On my bleeding heart, to add such wounding stings
To my despair.
Mar. If thus for you to imagine,
How much more terrible for me to bear:
But let not that disturb you.
Lor. Indeed I ought not
To disturb you with it, but from your sight
Remove the Image I am now of wretchedness,
And giving up my self in silence to my Fate,
Let desperation work I feel 'twill soon
Be its own remedy, Madam, farewel.
Inquire not, I conjure you, what becomes
Of lost *Lorrain*, least it afflict you in in the hearing;
Be blest as Love and Empire join'd can make you.
Mar. O stay *Lorrain*, I cannot let you leave me
In the thought I e're can be anothers;
I may be forc'd from all that's dear to me,
But Fate it self has not the power against
My will to give me, on that rely, and judge it
By my Love.
Lor. Sooth not my pain with vain
Delusive hopes, 'twill make it but more sensible,
By a new Disappointment.
Mar. 'Tis no vain promise,
But fix'd resolution; nor If I wou'd,
Cou'd I meet his Adresses, but with such loathing

As

must dash his hopes, and cool the fiercest flame,
o no, *Lorrain*, when we'er for ever parted
On that reflection bound thy Sorrows think
I past all my dismal hours lamenting,
What I've lost, have nothing else in life
To do, or suffer, and that's, alass, too much;
O more than I can bear.

Lor. I ne'er can be secure you'll not be his,
Whilst there's a possibility you may;
'Twill tear my heart with agitating fears,
Worse than the certainty of what I fear;
But if you're truly thus resolv'd against him.
Why may you not be mine?
'Tis a nice scruple, of no solid weight,
What Injury to him, that I possess
What he can ne'er enjoy;

Mar. You need not Arguments, one tender look,
One soft request, is more perswative reason!
They tell me we had never doted thus,
Had Destiny not meant us for each other.

Lor. Then when it gave your heart, Fate Seal'd you mine,
For Love's a power uncontroulable,
And will dispose you all, your heart is mine,
Your lovely Eyes consent, your Tongue no more denies,
Your fainting Body can resist no longer;
O if these pleasing signs of yielding, shou'd
Be false, how cou'd I bear the sudden fall,
From such a height of unexpected joy!
You cannot use such cruelty,
When you have power to bless the Man you love!
I tremble with my fears, and fierce desire;
Speak, can you yet refuse?

Mar. I have not power.

Lor. You must not, the Priest without is ready,
Love impatient.

Mar. And not to be withstood! I feel its force;
We to be safe, the first Assault must fly,
For who cou'd thus be tempted, and deny; [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

Scene. Marg'rite's *Apartment.*

Enter Duke of Britain, *and* Du Croy.

Brit. YOu're certain he'll be here?
Du Croy. Unmark'd I hear'd,
The Duke of *Auſtria* agree to meet him
At his Siſters; *Lorrain* but ſtay'd to leave
Some Orders, as he told the Duke, with one
Of his Attendance whom he cou'd confide in,
T'inform him here, if ought of moment happen'd.
Brit. They ſeem upon ſome ſecret of importance,
I muſt not ſlip this opportunity;
One Night's delay might fruſtrate my deſign.
You've done your part *Du Croy*, the Writing's
Undiſtinguiſhable from the King's;
And fortune too aſſiſts me, *Lorrain*'s intending
To be here, was luckily diſcover'd,
For meeting me in *Marg'rite*'s Apartment,
Will with more probability impoſe
On his belief, the Letter was for her.
Du Croy. Sir, I ſee him coming,
Brit. You retire—— [*Enter* Lorrain
(*aloud*) Obſerve my Orders; I wait the Princeſs *Marg'rite's*
Leiſure to be ſpoke with, on buſineſs which
This Night muſt be effected.
Lor. With *Marg'rite*, ſuch preſſing buſineſs! *Britannia.*
Brit. To ſerve a Friend, ſwift time it ſelf's too ſlow.
Lor. What Service do you intend her?
Brit. For you my Friend,
I am thus diligent, nay, for you both.
The King you know ſent by *Du Croy* this Morning
To ſpeak with me in private, he told me
He was fix'd on (terms we then agreed on)
T'eſpouſe my Daughter, but *Margarite* having writ
T'upbraid his change, he was oblig'd t'excuſe
Himſelf to her——
Lor. He ſaw her ſince ſhe writ.

Brit.

Brit. Not alone?
Lor. No, many of his Court
Attended him.
Brit. Therefore it ſeems, he had not
Opportunity of ſpeaking freely,
But writes the reaſons of his leaving her.
Lor. Since the Viſit?
Brit. Now, by me, he ask'd
If any of my Train might be rely'd on,
To give the Letter ſafely to her ſelf,
For 'twas of conſequence none elſe ſhou'd ſee it,
And his own Subjects were not to be truſted,
Being all her Enemies; I offer'd him
And wou'd my ſelf deliver it, earneſt
To bring her liberty, which alone
I knew was wanting, to ſecure her yours.
Lor. 'Tis ſtrange!—— are you ſure it brings her liberty?
Did the King ſhew you what he writ?
Brit. He expreſly told me the whole purpoſe of it,
But engag'd me, on my Faith, and Honour,
How e'er my curioſity might tempt me,
To Search no farther the Particulars.
Lor. There's Miſtery in this! 'Tis but few hours
Since he profeſs'd fidelity to her,
And claim'd her for his Wife.
Brit. Ha! —— a publick Gallantry, a form
Due to a Lady's Honour; they muſt not be forſaken.
Lor. I rather think the King abuſes you,
And for ſome Ends of Policy, keeps both
In hopes; he had not fear'd to truſt his Subjects,
But with ſuch pretences to this Princeſs,
As they oppoſe.
Brit. That ſeems probable.
Lor. And for what reaſon elſe ſhou'd he ſo ſtrictly
Engage you not to enquire what it contains?
Brit. And I may be drawn into injure you,
By my officious zeal t'advance your happineſs.
Lor. If you'd oblige me, *Britannie*, truſt me
To give the Letter.
Brit. Then I betray the King.
Lor. If he deceives you, 'tis but juſtice; if not,
It will be ſafe with me.
Brit. But if he —
Or what if —— I wou'd willingly —— but yet ——
Lor. I cou'd give you reaſons were it fit
That wou'd convince you I ought to ſee it

Before *Marg'rite* does.
Brit. I believe you,
But then I gave my Honour not to pry
Into the ſecret. *Lor.* You need not.
Brit. You'll let me know, If he diſſembles with me.
Lor. Certainly. *Brit.* But methinks——
Lor. What? It concerns only one
Who conceals nothing from me.
Brit. And you'll give it her? *Lor.* Faithfully.
Brit. Yet —— *Lor.* Nay,
Brit. Well, take it.
To keep my word, I'll leave you whilſt you read it.
How eagerly he ſnatches at the Poiſon [*Ex.* Britannie.
Lor. If he perſiſts to urge his right in her,
Tho' now too late, I am ſo tender of her quiet,
I wou'd not ſhe ſhou'd ſee it, or mingle with
Our Bridal joys, the leaſt uneaſy thought.
[*Opens the Letter, and reads it to himſelf.*
Deceive *Lorrain* —— ſure my Eyes deceive me,
Or the Lights are falſe —— 'Tis the King's Hand,
And here he owns his infidelity,
Excuſes it, but what of me —— (reads) neceſſity ——
To break —— my Kingdoms good —— 'tis lower, here,
But if you carefully deceive *Lorrain*,
What cauſe have you to grieve at your paſt kindneſs;
Which we our ſelves alone, are conſcious of —— what means he
Nor fear I e'er will truſt it from my thoughts,
But thoſe you grudge me, ſmall pleaſure I ſhall have
In the remembring, I once was happy.
By the dear poſſeſſion of all thoſe Charms
Which now muſt be anothers —— Damnation!
Kings are but ſplendid Slaves of Sate,
As ſuch conſider, and forgive me, *Charles.*
'Tis ſure ſome artifice! But whoſe? Or wherefore?
The Duke of *Britannie*'s my Friend, nor is't
His Intereſt to deſign a breach 'twixt me,
And *Marg'rite*, had the King aim'd at that,
He wou'd not have entruſted him, who's injur'd by it!
But might he not employ him without truſting?
Perhaps —— no, how cou'd he then ſecure th'effect,
It's falling in my hands was accidental,
At my own requeſt —— but hold —— how this
Agrees with his refuſing to releaſe her
Not three hours ſince? —— he's ſtrangely variable
In his deſigns —— 'twas but this very Morning
He confeſs'd to her Brother he wou'd leave her ——

Ha!

Ha! That proves more than all the reſt againſt her,
A change ſo ſudden is improbable;
She muſt have feign'd it —— perhaps to raiſe the value
Of her gift to me by ſuch a Sacrifice.
Theſe are the Arts of faithleſs, worthleſs Women,
But Truth and Innocence, rich in it ſelf,
Not needing labours, not for Foreign Wealth
O ſhe is falſe, diſſembling, proſtituted,
The Words are plain th'authority unqueſtionable,
And I have marri'd her——
She has, ſhe has, indeed, deceiv'd me well,
How artfully ſhe work'd me to diſtraction!
Shou'd ſhe know how I have found her falſhood,
So cunningly ſhe wou'd evade the proofs,
And look ſo lovely true, I ſhou'd renounce
My reaſon, and only truſt my raviſh'd Senſes!
O why ye Powers have you giv'n that Sex
Inſinuating Charms to gain belief,
And yet ſo little truth! damn'd, damn'd, Diſſembler!

Enter Mag'rite.

Mar. Why, my unkind *Lorrain*, have you thus long
Stay'd from me when ſo near? I cou'd not bear it
Longer, nor ſhou'd you leave me to my thoughts,
When you but look on me, you juſtify
All I have done, or all I can do for you;
But in your abſence, ſuch reflections riſe
As much diſturb me, and for both our quiets
I wou'd for ever ſtifle.

Lor. What Power has Conſcience!

Mar. You ſeem diſorder'd, ſomething troubles you.

Lor. I ſhall not diſcompoſe you with it, Madam. (*going*

Mar. My Lord, you'll break my heart, if thus you leave me;
What e'er diſturbs you, why to me this coldneſs?
Have I deſerv'd it of you?

Lor. Ask your ſelf that.

Mar. I need not, my Love's ſo nice, had I a thought
That cou'd diſpleaſe you, 'twou'd upbraid me with it.
Why do you talk thus? Whither are you going?

Lor. I care not, but from you for ever.

Mar. O wherefore? You ſhall not leave me
Till I know whence this unkindneſs ſprings.

Lor. Look into your Soul, and if you find a guilt,
Tho' ne'er ſo cloſely hid, think that the cauſe,
And blame your ſelf.

Mar. Heav'n witneſs, I have none to you.

Lor.

Lor. Perjur'd Woman! The King, the King.
Mar. I have ſin'd to him, indeed, — but how can you
Reproach me that?
Lor. Shou'd not I reproach you,
That you have drawn me in, to ſhare your Shame?
Mar. Was not I drawn in by all the art
And force of Love? The Shew of faithful, violent
Affection! That, I confeſs, prevaill'd on my weak heart,
Unapprehenſive of ſo quick a change;
O how was I deceiv'd!
Lor. She confeſſes it --- Madam, you've learn'd
Of your deceiver well, cou'd I have doubted
That you but yielded to my importunity,
What the King claim'd his Right in? Cou'd I ſuſpect
'Twas counterfeited all, where ſo much grief,
And tenderneſs appear'd?
Mar. *Lorrain*, you wrong me,
'Twas but too real; what cauſe have you to doubt it?
Lor. I know it, from himſelf.
Mar. What is't you know?
Lor. That he refuſs'd to Marry you.
Mar. From himſelf?
Lor. From whom elſe cou'd I know the guilty Secret,
Which none elſe was privy to?
Mar. Amazing!
What ſaid the King?
Lor. I wou'd ſpare your bluſhes,
Think what he cou'd ſay.
Mar. I dare hear it, -----
And can clear my ſelf; —— at leaſt to you.
Lor. O Shameleſs! To me clear your ſelf! To me
Whom you've abus'd! He ſays, you need not grudge him
The remembrance, how happy he was once
In your Embraces.
Mar. Unhear'd of baſeneſs! Is this
The noble uſe he promis'd of the generous
Confidence I made him of my Love;
Lor. You have been generous indeed, to him;
But on me, revenge his falſhood; or rather
'Tis the puniſhment of Heav'n for Idolizing thee,
The guilty folly of cent'ring all my hopes
Of happineſs on a Woman;
The worſt, and weakeſt part of the Creation;
O I had fix'd my Soul on thy poſſeſſion!
Had's thou had vertue, I had ſought no farther;
Nor thought a Heav'n beyond; So Blind, ſo impiouſly

I doted on this deluſive miſchief! Forgive me,
And I here forſwear the faithleſs Sex,
Forſwear thy Bed, thy Sight.

Mar. Wou'd you be calm, and hear me.

Lor. Never, never, let me hear more from thee, of thee,
'Tawaken in my memory the Diſhonour,
The wrong thou has't done me;
For thy own Safety, and my Peace,
Let me forget thee, 'tis not enough to hate thee,
To deſpiſe thee, that will be my torment,
Whilſt I retain the Image of thy wondrous charms,
To think how falſe thou art! For my quiet
I muſt baniſh thee from my remembrance,
Not know thou ever were't —Let me loſe all thought
Rather than ſtill love on, when I deſpiſe
This vile bewitching —— O I dare look no longer
On the lovely treacherous Deſtruction!
Be curſt, be wretched, as thou ha'ſt made *Lorrain*. Ex. Lor.

Mar. O I am curſt enough! *Lorrain*, my Lord,
He will not hear me, rage poſſeſſes all his Senſes!
Thus to loſe him's worſe, is more afflicting
Than the loſs, had I parted with him
When my preſſing Duty requir'd it of me,
The very cauſe of our unhappineſs
Had rais'd his value for me, and I had ſtill
Preſerv'd the nobleſt, deareſt, part of him;
But to be thrown from his Eſteem! To think
That he depiſes me; laments that he
No ſooner knew me, e'er he had ty'd himſelf
To a vile Proſtitute! O inſupportable!
But why do I bear thus?
Not fly t'upbraid the King his treachery,
To rouze his guilty Soul with torturing Viſions
Of his future Hell, for that muſt be
The Doom of ſuch a Devil! [*going the Duke of* Britain *enters.*

Brit. I've heard enough to know I'm unſuſpected,
(*unſeen*) And muſt prevent what might diſcover me.
O Madam, I am come on ſuch a purpoſe
As I abhor to ſpeak! And yet I muſt,
Or you, and your *Lorrain*, my Friend, are loſt!

Mar. Where is *Lorrain*?

Brit. I left him with the King,
And Duke of *Auſtria*.

Mar. My Brother with 'em!

Brit. He met *Lorrain*, with various paſſions toſt,
Reading a Paper that ſeem'd to raiſe the tempeſt,

And

And by the power of Friendſhip, forc'd from him
The Secret it contain'd; which the King
(Whom I was with) perceiving, with fury ſaid,
Brittannie, as you value your Friend's ſafety,
Haſten to *Marg'rite*, tell her from me
If ſhe deny to *Auſtria*, what I've ſaid,
When he reproaches her, if ſhe but offer
To vindicate her ſelf, ſhe Sacrifices
To her honour, her belov'd *Lorrain*.

Mar. What means the Tyrant? Does he think I can
Be frighten'd from defending my injur'd Honour?

Brit. I refus'd the office, urg'd it's baſeneſs,
Threatned to prevent his barbarous vengeance;
Nay, take your choice, he cry'd if you oppoſe,
Or offer to diſcover what I've purpos'd,
You ſee he's in my power, he dyes this moment.
Forc'd by the imminent danger I conſented.

Mar. Own ſuch a ſhameful Falſhood! I'll dye firſt.

Brit. As he left me to join the Dukes; he added,
Hope not to delude me, I'll have a Spy
Upon her Looks, her Whiſpers, the firſt that tends
To accuſe me, or clear her ſelf, by Hell,
I ſwear, gives certain death to her *Lorrain*.

Mar. Hell reward him for it!

Brit. What's to be done? My Soul is ſo divided
By my concern for you, and fears for him,
I know not what t'adviſe.

Mar. How then ſhou'd I reſolve! I who muſt bear
The Shame! Or if I ſacrifice *Lorrain*,
All the unhappineſs!

Brit. I fear you muſt
At preſent, yield to the hard neceſſity.

Mar. How? Confeſs my ſelf a thing, that 'tis ſo ſhameful
But to be nam'd to by another!

Brit. Not deny it, till *Lorrain*'s ſecur'd
From the King's cruelty; he may to morrow
Set out from hence for *Naples*, then as I know
Your Innocence, fear not I ſhall find means
To juſtify you, both to him, and *Auſtria*,
But whilſt he ſtays in *France*, you cannot clear
Your Honour, at a leſs price than his dear Life,
For whom I know, you chiefly wou'd preſerve it.

Mar. Barbarous impoſition!
Then keep my Brother from me, I cannot ſee him.

Brit. 'Twere beſt indeed, if poſſible, to avoid it.

Enter

Enter Auſtria.

Mar. O he's here! His Looks dash ſuch confuſion,
How ſhall I bear his ſtinging Words!
O whither ſhall I fly!
Auſ. Beyond the bounds of being, if thou'd'ſt eſcape
Thy Infamy, if to ſearch for Peace,
Where thy own vile thoughts, may ne'er perſue thee.
Mar. O that I cou'd become a thoughtleſs nothing!
In pity, Brother, ſpare me your reproaches,
Think I, perhaps, may not ſo much deſerve 'em
As you imagine.
Brit. O be careful, Madam.
Auſ. Not deſerve 'em! Is there an excuſe?
For thou do'ſt not dare deny thy baſeneſs.
Mar. Indeed, I dare not.
Auſ. And did you, cou'd you hope,
The King wou'd condeſcend to Marry you?
By Heav'n I forgive him from my Soul;
Nay, Honour him for ſcorning thee, thou blot
Of Majeſty! Shame of thy Noble Birth,
Our Family's reproach, and Curſe! O what
Inglorious Nation firſt made ſo light of Honour,
To let in the leaſt depend upon
A Woman's Conduct! To put ſo great a Truſt,
Into the hands of ſuch frail things as theſe!
Mar. And we in vain may guard, if Fate condemn it,
A cruel Fate, like mine, inevitable!
O, I ſhall not hold —— urge me not further,
Leaſt it produce a Tragick conſequence,
'Twill grieve you to have caus'd.
Auſ. Thou ar't ſo vile,
Thou can'ſt not have the courage to deſign
Revenge upon thy ſelf, elſe wou'd I urge thee
To rid our Houſe of it's Diſgrace, thy ſelf
To let out thy hot Blood that firſt enflam'd thee
To conſenting; conſent, thou muſt have woo'd him,
He durſt not have attempted the Diſhonour
Of one as greatly born as he, of Anceſtors
In Fame Superiour, had'ſt thou not allur'd him
To thy looſe deſires —— Shame of thy Sex!
Mar. I am! —— Tho' I did never —— I did —— I do——
I know not what I do ——
All that the King wou'd have me, I've giv'n up
My Honour to his baſe. *Auſ.* Curſe! Curſes on thee for it.

Mar. O what do I say!
And yet 'tis true, my Shame's too real! Betray'd,
Confounded with Disgrace! —— I must not speak, ——
I cannot look on any honest Face,
Here will I fix my Eyes to Earth, lye level [*throws her self on the Ground.*
With the vilest Dirt, scorn'd, trampled on;
Now, now the King may Triumph in my ruin——
He shall not, O he knows; he knows I am——
I dare not name it!
Aus. For Shame thou wou'd'st not.
Mar. I cannot suffer this, I'll ——— O I must,
Lorrain's the cause, and can I bear too much!
Aus. Never for thy guilt to him, whom thou
Ha'st most abus'd! How cou'd he withold
From killing thee? Or do I deserve
The name of Friend, or my descent from *Burgundy*,
And suffer the Dishonourer of both
To live! Dye wretch to expiate thy foul Sin.
Brit. Hold *Austria*, hold your desperate hand, you shall not——
Mar. Hear me Heav'n, that know'st my Misery;
I wish to live but till this Stain's wash'd off;
Grant that, and I resign my wretched Life.
Aus. Live then to clear thy Soul, but live recluse,
In Fasting, Discipline, and sharpest Pennance;
Pass thy days, be Tears and Prayers thy Food;
Bury'd from the World, forgotten by Mankind,
Forget thy name, thy self, all but thy guilt;
Which tho' I'll ne'er forgive, Heav'n may at last;
But all thy wretched Life in Mourning wast,
What e'er's to come, lament, and curse the past. [*Ex. Austria.*
Mar. Enough, enough, just Heav'n; my Miseries
Are full, for human nature can support no more;
And only Love cou'd make it bear so much.
Brit. Dear Madam, your Afflictions grieve me to the Soul;
Sure when the King's inform'd of 'em he must
Relent, I'll try what can be done to move him,
Or secure my Friend; and till I wait on you,
I beg your patience; least your just resentment
Prove fatal to your self.
Mar. I must relye on you
Good *Britannie*, a poor weak Woman; can
But ineffectually lament, or rail;
And thus to grieve is the more descent weakness.
Brit. Your Sorrow shall be short, I go to serve you.
(*aside*) Her rage against the King, was most my fear,
Now, to remove *Lorrain*, and all's secure. [*Ex. Brit.*
Mar.

Mar. There is not ſure on Earth a Wretch forlorn like me!
Thoſe whom malicious Tongues have moſt aſpers'd;
Find ſtill ſome Friends t'aſſert their Innocence,
Or in whoſe Eſteem they reſt content,
The Witneſſes of their moſt artleſs actions,
Hid from the World in privacy, and ſilence;
Vertue's beſt evidence, and nobleſt Provence;
O 'tis ſufficient comfort; the only valu'd
Approbation of theſe few dear intimates;
But by them abandon'd, curſt, deſpis'd,
Mankind's Applauſe cou'd make no recompence.
Another Friend t'upbraid my real guilt!

Enter Ann *of* Britain.

Ann. A Tyranny unparrelel'd!
I've learnt my Friend, your ſtrange inhuman Uſage,
Meeting my Father when he came from hence;
He told me as in haſt he cou'd; a baſeneſs
Of the King ſcarce credible! With pain
I cou'd reſtrain my impatient Indignation
For a moment; to give my Friend ſome comfort.
Mar. You cannot, O you will not pity me,
When you know the juſtice of my Sufferings.
Ann. The juſtice of 'em!
Mar. I have deſerv'd it all!
Lorrain's my crime, and 'tis but equal puniſhment
To be depriv'd of that for which I ſin'd;
I ſee the hand of Heav'n in it, and ſubmit.
Yet don't inſult, leave me as all that's dear
On Earth have done, a lonely, wretched,
An abandon'd Wife.
Ann. Marry'd! Then there's no certain worth,
On which to found a firm, exalted Frindſhip;
I ſaw in you, a ſtock that promis'd much,
Adopted you my charge, thought it my buſineſs,
And my Glory, to ſupport, to cheriſh,
And improve your blooming Vertue;
Nor ever had deſiſted from my care,
How e'er ungrateful you had prov'd to me,
Had you not been unfaithful to your ſelf,
Corrupted by deceitful, ruinous Paſſions.
Mar. Ruinous indeed! For it has loſt me
All I had of worth, my Love, my Fame,
My Friend! I have aſſiſted to my wretched Fate,
But was inevitably doom'd unhappy.

Ann. No Madam, had you choſe to bear th'uneaſyneſs.
—— Your Duty pointed to, Heav'n had been
Engag'd to your protection, that can extract
Good, from extreameſt Ills, and ever from
Such Sacrifices, draws ſome unforeſeen
Event, that makes it prove ev'n here a Bleſſing;
But when indulgent to our vicious Paſſions,
In defiance of Heav'n it ſelf, we will be happy,
Break through all reſtraints to our deſires;
Some ſudden Diſappointment daſhes th'enjoyment,
Shews us how vain our Hopes, how falſe our Judgment,
And leaves us deſolate, without a refuge,
But in a ſad Repentance.

Mar. O! I have felt that Truth,
And dare not in my miſeries ask aſſiſtance
From that Sacred Power I have offended;
But if a penitent may be accepted,
Hear my Petition, and this Solemn Vow; (*kneels*
If thou art pleas'd to clear my Innocence
From this unjuſt Reproach, in acknowledgment,
And to attone my other Faults, I here proteſt,
To ſacrifice my deareſt Inclination,
And Dedicating my whole Life to Heav'n,
Deprive my ſelf for ever of *Lorrain*:
My fond, my doting Love for whom, betray'd me
To that guilt, for which I am thus rigorouſly
Puniſh'd. Grant my requeſt, and if I fail
In what I've vow'd, with heavyer plagues, (if there
Are any ſuch) avenge my Perjury.

Ann. O we are all fair promiſers in Affliction;
You ſee not now *Lorrain*, raving, deſparing
At your Reſolution, pleading with all
Thoſe charms, that tenderneſs, that once prevaill'd;
They've ſtill their force, and you have the ſame Weakneſs,
So mov'd again, you'll think no puniſhment
So great as loſing him, and with him any,
All are to be born.

Mar. No, I at once have prov'd 'em both, and find
Experimentally, no Torments equal
To remorſe of guilt, it incapacitates
For all enjoyments; but in the depth of wretchedneſs,
The calm of Innocence gives ſweet refreſhments
By it's own delights, and future promiſes;
O I have loſt it! And with it the beſt aid
To my weak virtue, ſince I'm now unworthy
Of your Friendſhip

Ann.

Ann. Your quick return regains your Title to it,
Your ſufferings to my pitty, and aſſiſtance;
By power undaunted I'll proclaim your Wrongs,
And through this thickning Miſt ſhew the King's Malice,
The black obſtructing Cloud, from which it fell,
Whilſt your bright Honour kept it's pureſt luſter;
This be my care to clear, your Task is more,
Unſtain'd preſerve, the Glory I reſtore.

Mar. So proſper your deſign, but O beware,
Lorrain's dear Life, be your firſt greateſt care,
Tho' loſt to me —— what muſt be now my State,
When my beſt Wiſh, is ſuch a wretched fate! [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT V.

Scene. *A Garden.*

Lorrain *lying on a Bank, the Duke of* Britain *ſtanding by him.*

Brit. FOR Honour's ſake, ſhake off this Lethargy,
Exert your ſelf, and rouze your Soul to Glory;
Look on this Diſappointment as deſign'd
To ſet your thoughts on new, on nobler purſuits.

Lor. I've done with all, my ſtock of hopes, and Wiſhes,
All were in one venture, they're loſt,
And I've no more to hazard, 'tis not in nature now
To give me a deſire.

Brit. O you're miſtaken,
Deſires the very Eſſence of our Being,
As inſufficient to it ſelf, the mark
Of our dependance; and this indifference
To all things elſe, ſhews you ſtill dote on *Marg'rite.*

Lor. Can you think ſo low, ſo poorly of me?
Dote on a Woman in her ſelf ſo vile, (*riſing.*
So baſe to me!

Brit. Then you have no excuſe to loyter here,
Neglecting proſtrate Nations, that but ask you
To accept Dominion; not *Anthony*
Whom you ſo much condemn'd, ſo careleſsly,
So ſtupidly, threw fortune from him.

Lor. No, for what he loſt in Empire, was o'er pay'd,
In a long pleas'd poſſeſſion of that Beauty
He priz'd above the World; Bleſt *Anthony*!
Who rightly knew t'enjoy with moſt advantage

Things

Things ſo mutable, not let reflections
Of the paſt, devour the preſent good;
Mark Anthony perhaps rejoyc'd that ſhe
Who once was *Cæſar's*, now gave him the preference.
Brit. So cou'd you, you wait but her Submiſſions, a few Tears,
Some light Excuſe, and Vows of future faith,
Wou'd ſoften, vanquiſh you, or rather, ſhew
How much a Slave you are.
Lor. To a Strumpet!
I diſdain it, ſcorn her, loath her, Damn her ——
She has caught me in the nooze, and thinks me faſt,
But 'tis moſt dangerous being in a chain'd
Lyon's reach, whoſe fury's urg'd, and doubled
By reſtraint; ſhe as bound me to her own
Deſtruction, ſhall know I am a Husband
But by my Tyranny. *Brit.* Marry'd! then all's defeated.
Lor. No *Britanie*, I'll inſtantly to *Naples*,
The air ſhe breaths is loathſome; that I am marry'd
Is my Charter for tormenting her, therefore pleaſes me.
Brit. And I've been plotting to prevent, what's paſt.
O Sluggard miſchief, that with all thy wings,
Shou'd lag behind, and let deſire out-ſtript thee! *(aſide.*

Enter the two Neapolitan Lords. Lorrain *walking diſorderly*

1*ſt. Lord.* We've Orders, Sir, from *Naples*, to tell your Highneſs
Your delay t'aſſiſt 'em forc'd 'em t'accept
The King's conceſſions, and having giv'n up
The power they held, 'tis now too late t'attempt their freedom.
Lor. So, Iv'e only then a Wife to govern,
That's work enough. Tell *Ferrand* I may viſit him
Perhaps, to learn the art of Tyrannizing.
2 *Lord.* Sure he's not himſelf! *Brit.* ſomewhat diſturbs him.
2*d Lord* It ſeems ſome raging paſſion.
1*ſt. Lord.* And I fear has long poſſeſs'd him, bounded
His aſpiring thoughts, whoſe Soul was form'd
To check th'ambition of uſurping Kings,
And keep the World in Balance.
Lor. She was the ſame, this very falſe, polluted
Creature, when firſt ſhe charm'd me, when ev'ry look,
When every tender word, gave me tranſporting
Pleaſure! Not dreaming they were all diſſembled;
O what a happineſs have I exchang'd
For a ſad knowledge! The Curſe of *Adam*, is
Entail'd on all his Race, and thoſe who know
The moſt, are the moſt wretched
Brit. You ſee him diſcompos'd, my Lords, and ſince

You have no more t'expect, 'twere best to leave him.
1 *Lord* We will, tho' griev'd to leave him thus, for much
I honour'd him. *Ex. Lords.*
Brit. I wish, Sir, I had known your Marriage sooner,
Perhaps it had been better —— yet you may find ——
—O Curst design — but — 'tis past —— well, she's your Wife
Lorrain —— it concerns you now to think the best,
She may be wrong'd —— believe it, I advise you,
Restore her to your Love —— for your own sake forget,
Or by her future conduct, judge the past. [*Ex. Brit.*
Lor. Forget! Restore her to my heart! Guilty,
And shameless, to triumph in her treachery,
Allur'd to prostitute embraces, the relicks
Of another's satiated Lust;
O vile immagination! ——
And this they durst design t'impose upon me,
The King, and his cast —— confound 'em!
Was I sought out, as fit for such a purpose!
With Slavish appetite, to take contentedly
The scraps he had thrown from him! By all my wrongs,
They shall not find me form'd of such tame Stuff——
——Yes Viper you have Stung me, [*Ent* Mar. *and* Ann.
But yet the Poison has not reach'd my heart,
It but enflames my Blood —— Ha here —— Yes, you have rouz'd me
To punish both, both partners in so foul, so base an injury!
Mar. O, my Lord, upon my Knees I beg you but to hear me.
Lor. No, receive it as a grace that I refuse you,
That I avoid the place where e'er you are,
To spare your shame in looking on the Man
You have abus'd — 'tis the last time — O *Marg'rite*! [*Exit.*
Mar. I came to look my last, and never wou'd
Have troubled you again, nor will pursue him farther;
Here will I cling about my Parent Earth,
Till her kind bosom open to receive,
And free from all woes the most unhappy Child she ever bore.
Ann. Alas, it is not now
A time for Counsel, or to offer Comfort.

Enter King, Bourbon, *and Attendants.*

Bour. What strange Chimera in the form of Honour,
Incites you to oppose your own desires,
To make another wretched? What Paradox
Of resolution! To which both seem averse,
Yet unconstrain'd persue. *King.* Neither I hope averse.
Bour. Behold her then, whence such depressing grief?
What means that posture of despair?

King.

King. Weeping, and on the ground? I wou'd not so afflict her
Nor meant to force, but win her inclinations.
Madam, if ought I've done, has caus'd this sorrow,
Believe I hop'd a gratefuller effect;
And will no more oppose *Lorrain*'s Pretensions,
Since I perceive mine give you such disorder.
Mar. Tyrant you've done what is not in your power to retrieve.
King. It is, it shall be, I renounce my words,
Resign my Right, and to have no pretence
Of future Claim, transfer it to this Princess,
Who, if She condescend to share with me
The dignity of Sovereign, I give the Power entire.
Ann. Both I disdain.
What you can give, or be a Partner in,
Must be unworthy me; think not I less
Resent her injuries, than she her self,
Who Sinks beneath their weight;
Or knowing thy vile falsehoods fram'd against her,
Can less abhor th' alliance.
King. Vile falsehoods! speak Madam, have I done ought,
Not to be justifiy'd to Truth, and Honour? (*to* Mar.
Mar. To Truth! dare you look on me, and affirm it! (*rising*
O, I appeal to Heav'n, and your own Concience,
If you can tax my Honour, with an action,
That I need blush at, tho' Mankind were Witness.
King. Not tax your Honour, what mean you Madam?
Mar: Amazing confidence!
Ann. He that durst do it in the face of Heav'n,
Will not be aw'd by helpless innocence;
But think not your barbarity can fright me
From her Vindication, or publishing thy Infamy.
King. What Infamy? Wherefore these warm reproaches?
Madam, what e'er your Accusation is,
By all that's great, I am not conscious
To have wrong'd the Princess.
Mar. O, wherefore this!
What wou'd you more? You've parted me for ever
From *Lorrain*, and yet have found I priz'd
His Life above my Honour, I've Sacrifis'd it
To your wicked purpose; Is it too little?
Must you insult me in the shame and misery
You have brought on me!
King. More unintelligible!
What strange delusion has possess'd you both!
How have I prejudic'd your Honour? Or what
Design'd against *Lorrain*? Who has accus'd me?

Ann.

Ann. Think not my Father will conceal your Crimes,
Tho' acceſſary, to prevent your blacker
Vow'd deſign; from him I know
Your cruel impoſition on the Princeſs.
Who tho' her value for the life you threatned,
Aw'd her to ſilence whilſt *Lorrain* was with you——
King. Still more obſcure! what Threats? What Impoſition?
How —— when *Lorrain* with me? I have not ſeen
Lorrain ſince my return.
Mar. So obſtinate in malice! O too often,
And too fatally you've ſeen him, had you not boaſted
To himſelf, he cou'd not have beleiv'd
On leſs authority, ſuch ſhame of me,
With which you only know how falſely you aſperſe me.
King. And this the Duke of *Brittannie* affirms?
Mar. *Lorrain* affirms it, too nearly ſtruck
In my diſhonour, to bear it Silently,
Urg'd with contempt, and rage, declar'd you Author.
King. 'Tis falſe as Hell, a baſe invention, fram'd
To juſtify his change, the Coward's Honour,
And the Villain's vertue, fearing t'avow
Their nature's ſmalleſt frailty, dare to diſguiſe it
By the blackeſt crimes, an impious Courage!
Ann. Such is thine,
That guilty firſt of the moſt helliſh Actions,
Dar'ſt throw the infamy on thoſe thou'ſt injur'd.
King. Madam, again I aſſert my innocence,
More is not to be ſaid when Ladies rail;
Lorrain I know to anſwer, confront me with him,
By Royalty, by my more Sacred Honour,
Which he had dar'd prophane he ſhall confeſs it;
Search, ſearch him inſtantly, ſummon him here
To face an injur'd King —— No, warn'd he may fly
In dread of my juſt Vengeance; my ſelf will trace him,
Through all the Pallace, reſound the hateful Name,
Lorrain falſe, treacherous *Lorrain*, *Lorrain*. (*going.*

Enter Lorrain.

Lor. Sure the King's voice —— and dareſt thou call *Lorrain*!
Whoſe ſight to thy confuſion, muſt upbraid thee
With his Wrongs, leſs inſupportable
In what unjuſtly thou detain'ſt of mine,
Than what to free thy ſelf, thou woud'ſt impoſe on me
But tho' I've thrown the vile diſhonour off,
The baſe deſign, ſhall not be unaveng'd.
King. I dare defie thee, back'd with all the power
Of thy Confederate Friends, who help'd thy malice

In this black Contrivance, and gives thee now
A raſh, infernal daring to perſiſt in falſehood
To me, thus boldly, who muſt know it falſe,
As ſurely as thou know'ſt me innocent,
Of thy invented Scandal on the Princeſs.
Ann. Your Juſtice cannot now *Lorrain*, give credit
To a Man you've heard deny, what firſt
He to your ſelf affirm'd, that ſhews him falſe,
And when you know how he perſu'd his treachery againſt the Princeſs---
Lor. Madam, her Injuries concern me not,
How I have been abus'd, I know from him.
King. From me! Unworthy Prince! Dar'ſt thou in arms
Defend thy Accuſation? Thou can'ſt not be
So deſperate, t'expoſe thy Life, in ſuch
A wicked cauſe; therefore recant, or doubt not
In thy Blood, my Honour ſhall be clear'd.
Lor. I accept thy Challenge, be the injur'd Victor.
King. The guilty, in this Infamy be puniſh'd,
Diſcover'd to his never dying ſhame, and all Mankinds contempt.
Lor. Then to the World
Proclaim it, witneſs thy ſelf againſt the guilty,
And thy own words be prooff. [*Giving him the Letter.*
King. My hand it is. [*Reads it to himſelf.*
What it contains is a baſe Lye, and this
A Forgery, more plauſibly to throw the villany on me.
Lor. Oh 'tis too late, ſhe has her ſelf confeſs'd it. *King.* Confeſs'd!
Ann. Thou know'ſt ſhe durſt not otherwiſe,
to Lor. fearing your Life, which if ſhe juſtify'd her ſelf, he vow'd to take.
King. Diſtraction! When? To whom?
Ann. The Duke of *Britannie*, who ſaw you in his power, (*to* Lor.
And had he warn'd had giv'n you certain death.
Forced (to prevent it) on that fatal Meſſage,
But juſt declar'd that moment when the Tyrant
Met with you and *Auſtria*.
Lor. Your Story's ill concerted, till now I have not met him.
King. Thou ſpeak'ſt a truth, tho' to abuſe it, ſerving
Thy falſehood with it; what depths of impious cunning!
This was contriv'd to be ſecure from *Auſtria*'s vengeance,
Mine thou ſhalt not eſcape, prepare for thy defence
Againſt my ſingle Sword, me thou haſt injur'd,
And 'tis not juſt Nations ſhou'd be engag'd for private wrongs.
Lor. I thank thee, as the moſt equal,
'Tis the ſpeedieſt way, and ſuits with my impatience;
Did not the preſence of two noble Princeſſes
Make the place ſacred, here I wou'd engage thee;
Marg'rite has forfeited all the reſpect

Due

Due to her Birth, and it wou'd please my juſtice,
In her ſight to puniſh the Accomplice
Of her ſhame, her treachery, for that's
The vileſt part, the mean deceit to me;
With what engaging Arts, what ſhew of tenderneſs!
O 'twas deceitful all—— but how tranſporting!
Wou'd thou cou'd'ſt perſwade —— what wou'd my eaſy heart!
It ſoftens, ſeems to ſhake my Reſolution,
And I grow tame in gazing—— Thou ſhalt not triumph——
I diſdain—— my Soul reſumes her ſelf——
She ſhall not—— *Mar.* If e'er *Lorrain*——
Lor: Do not talk——
I muſt not ſtay to hear thee —— think not —— never ——
I will not ſee thee more —— We, Sir, ſhall meet. (*going*

Enter Duke of Auſtria.

Auſ. Stay, Brother, all is well, we've been abuſ'd,
And wrong'd my Siſter, ſhe's innocent *Lorrain.*
Lor. Bleſt Voice! oh, my eas'd herat 'twas juſt ſcrew'd up
To ſuch a height, it muſt have been relax'd,
Or break; Oh how ſhall we attone? How be forgiv'n?
Auſ. You know not yet how I have learn'd the truth.
Lor. No matter, you have ſaid ſhe's innocent,
I'd not enquire farther, leaſt it ſhou'd raiſe a doubt,
But here you ſwear, and gaze, and ſwear it too;
She is, I ſee it in her eyes, I know it
By my heart, I cannot bear the pleaſure
That it feels —— a change to ſuch extreams!
The ſudden tranſport kills! Oh, tis too much!
Auſ. This will remove all doubts, and fully clear her. (*gives a Letter.*
Lor. What? From whence? —— 'Tis needleſs —— but it ſpeaks
Of *Margarite*, and Innocence, and I will read it.
Auſ. The Duke of *Brittanie* has ſecretly
Withdrawn from *Paris*, and left this Letter
To be giv'n me, and do my Siſter juſtice.
Mar. A faithful Friend. Now Tyrant all thy malice will appear.
Auſ. The King is innocent of this deceit,
And *Brittanie* the ſole Contriver. *Ann.* How!
Auſ. Madam, your pardon, on his own authority
I may preſume to ſpeak it.
Ann. Let truth be known, who ever it condemn.
Auſ. A raging, hopeleſs,
Love for *Margarite*, he ſays, inſpir'd this deſperate
Contrivance, to prevent her Marriage with *Lorrain*;
But hearing it already was perform'd,
Repenting of ſucceſsleſs miſchief, this confeſſion

Is all the satisfaction he can make.

Lor. Gladly, I forgive thee.

King. The Princess *Margarite* already marry'd!

Aus. Yes, Sir, by my consent, scorning she shou'd
Attend, till you thought fit to cast her off,
I gave her to a Prince deserves her better.

King. *Austria*, you judg'd my words with too much heat,
I wou'd have kept my faith with *Margarite*,
And offer'd her the Crown, as she in justice
To me, must confess.

Mar. I must indeed —— a truth that has undone me! (*aside*

King. This I declare to court a reconcilement, not asham'd
To own I had rather have a Gallant Man
My Friend, than Enemy.

Aus. I am no Enemy but to Injustice,
To Honour, in whom ever found a Friend,
By that you now engage me.

King. Since *Margarite* has acquitted me, may I presume
Most noble Princess, you are not displeas'd
To find my Honour clear'd. (*to Ann.*

Ann. Judge by my past behaviour, in this case
The means by which you're justify'd, makes silence best become me.

Aus. Are you convinc'd *Lorrain?*

Lor. Convinc'd! struck dumb with shame, and conscious guilt.
I dare not speak to her.

Aus. She is all mildness? not a spark of my too firey temper,
Calm, and forgiving, with the same tenderness
Will now receive you; as you had never wrong'd her.

Lor. I do not ask it, here devest my self
Of the authority a Husband claims,
And new begin my Suit; look on me, Madam,
As an humble, guilty Suppliant,
Who will submit to any sufferings
That may prevail upon your pity, and readmit
Him to your favour. —*Mar.* Assist me Heaven!

Ann. Now my poor Friend, does not your melting heart
Repent your Vow?

Mar. But shall not break it tho' 'tis a cruel tryal!

Lor. You will not deign an Answer, I deserve none
But to reproach me; in this submissive posture, (*kneels*
That speaks my heart, and my dejected state, insult me then.

Mar. O *Lorrain*, wou'd you have heard me speak
In my defence, all might have yet been well.

Lor. 'Tis not to be excus'd, nor can I hope
You shou'd be less obdurate to my prayers,
Or blame you tho' you never do forgive, or hear or see me more,

Mar. Rise, my dear Lord, I from my Soul forgive you.
Lor. You call'd me dear, O can you love me still.
Mar. More than my Life, —— yet we must part for ever.
Lor. Is that forgiving! What can your hate do worse?
Mar. In vain we oppose our Destiny, which first
Reviv'd the King's Affection, to disjoin us;
Yet still we strove with fate, broke to each other
Through all Obligations, Conscience, and Honour;
What Judgment next was sent to part, and shew us
Heav'n was displeas'd ——
Lor. But now is reconcil'd, cou'd you be so.
Mar. A Solemn, and irrevocable Vow,
Now serves the Will of Heav'n; by so immediate
Punishment, so plainly pointed at my guilt,
Made conscious of it, I vow'd if Heav'n wou'd clear
My Fame, for ever to deprive my self
Of the dear Cause both of my Sin, and Sufferings;
My Prayers granted, shews the Sacrifice accepted.
Lor. 'Tis, Madam, you have now full power
To gratifie your hatred, and disdain.
Mar. Alas, *Lorrain*, can we contend with Heav'n?
Auf. 'Twas rashly made, and not obligatory,
Null'd by your Marriage-Vow.
Mar. That was it self null'd by my former Contract.
Yet cou'd the King's consent now justify it,
'Tis cancell'd by a greater, allow'd you know
Of force to breake it, wedding us to Heav'n.
Auf. I wish indeed it never had been made.
Lor. Do you confirm it? What authority,
What Law —— but 'tis in vain, no Casuists,
No Canons, can convince like inclination,
You wou'd have it so, ——
Go, Madam, and be satisfy'd you shall
Have full revenge, if when you have left me
I e'er forgive my self, or tast a joy,
Or end my Miseries but with my Death,
May they be doubled on me after Death.
Mar. Must I give such affliction! My poor *Lorrain*,
Your Sufferings are the saddest part of mine!
Lor. All will be well, I have not long to suffer.
Mar. This is the fatal grief, that seeks no vent,
But inward works, and preys upon the Vitals;
his Eyes are fix'd, despair seems to have chill'd his Blood,
and stupify'd his Sence! I cannot see him thus!
My Lord, **my Love**, what must I ——
O Madam, now assist, take, force me from him,

Or

Or I ſhall yield, forget my Vow, fly perjur'd
To his Arms, and bring a heavier Curſe
On this dear Prince, than that he now laments.
Lor. Be not concern'd for me, I can ſubmit
Without repining, to your Will; may I not take
One parting Kiſs? I ſhall no more diſturb you.
Mar. Oh my heart!
Lor. She pants, and trembles in my Arms!
O can you love me thus, and leave me! No,
You will not, cannot! Say, can you tear your ſelf
From my fond clinging Arms? Now whilſt I hold you
To my panting heart, now pluck it from my breaſt,
Now ſay you'll leave me, will you *Marg'rite*?
Mar. Never, never, I'm rooted here,
What is there in our Loves to diſpleaſe Heav'n?
Lor. Nothing, we're join'd by Heav'n, and all theſe joys,
Theſe raptures, are divine!
Ann. She's loſt! What reſolution can be truſted!
Mar. Grudge me not one moments bliſs,
Since 'tis my laſt.
Lor. Ages are yet to come.
Mar. No more, I dare not truſt my ſelf again
In thoſe bewitching arms; O, do not tempt me
To our mutual ruin.
Lor. What means my Love! Was all this kindneſs then
But feign'd, to torture me more exquiſitely!
When my deſire enflam'd, fluſh'd with my hopes,
In reach of all my joys to ſnatch 'em from me!
Mar. I wiſh I better cou'd command my ſelf,
For both our quiets; but yet my heart, acquainted
As it is with grief, cannot in fight
Of my *Lorrain.* be quite inſenſible of joy,
For 'tis a bleſſing but to look on thee;
Muſt I loſe that too, never ſee thee more!
If Life's a good, why is it not ta'en from me,
When I'm depriv'd of every other good?
But then 'tis miſery, and therefore left me,
O Tyranny of Fate!
Lor. If this concern is real, can'ſt thou leave me?
Or can I ſee thee thus, and part with thee!
Mar. Think it diſſembled, if 'twill be for your quiet;
Think any thing to make your loſs the lighter.
Lor. No, I know thou Lov'ſt me, I know thou canſt not
See thy poor *Lorrain*, thus trembling, weeping,
Fainting at thy Feet, and not relent; *(kneels*
Thou know'ſt I never can have eaſe without thee,

And

And will't thou make me wretched? Will you not look on me?
Mar. I dare not, O Madam, Brother.
Ann. We'll attend you.
Mar. No, I conjure you ſtay to comfort him,
You ne'er can give me any, but to hear
Lorrain's at peace, if I ſought comfort wou'd,
I go from him!
Lor. Stay *Marg'rite*, thus proſtrate I intreat thee,
I will not ask thee not to leave me, but will't thou
Leave me thus? —— Sure we ſhou'd part like Lovers,
Take a thouſand ſad Adieus, one laſt
Embrace, can'ſt thou deny me that? Remember
'Tis my laſt requeſt, and the laſt bleſſing
Thou will't ever give me —— ſhe turns, I cannot
Riſe to meet thee; O haſten to my Arms
Whilſt they have ſtrength to claſp thee,
Or my faint life will fail me e'er you reach 'em.
Mar. I am half vanquiſh'd, but in looking on thee!
I muſt not —— yet I wou'd take —— O 'twill undoe us ——
Can I refuſe —— O *Lorrain*, what do I ſuffer
When languiſhing to meet thy expecting Arms,
I tear my ſelf for ever, ever, from thee! (*Ex. led by Women*
Auſ. She faints, ſupport, lead her away —— *Lorrain*,
Bear your ſelf like a Man, my friend, you've loſt
Nothing eſſential to your happineſs,
Was *Marg'rite* wanting to it, e'er you knew her?
Your ſtate is now the ſame; our falſe immaginations
Gives us neceſſities, that nature wou'd not feel.
Can make our peace depend on every thing
It repreſents a good, tho' the moſt forreign to it!
Think your ſelf now, as if you ne'er had known my Siſter.
Lor. Preach to a Wretch that's tortur'd on the rack,
Bid him imagine he's at eaſe —— do I not feel?
Is it not real miſery to loſe
The only thing I love? Cou'd I have lov'd
If I had never known her? Sophiſtick nonſence!
Here, here, are theſe pangs nothing? —— Why did you (*riſing*
Let her go? —— Think you I'll live without her?
Auſ. Be Calm, we muſt ſubmit.
Lor. I will not,
She's my Wife; I'll claim her from the Prieſts,
From Heav'n, I'll claim her at the Altar, rage,
Curſe, invoke —— ſomething I will do there,
Or dye, or force her thence —— I will not bear. (*Ex.* Lor.
Ann. Unhappy Pair! let us correct our ſelves
By theſe Examples, ſeeing how vainly

They

They ſought happineſs, in following
Unruly paſſion, that blind, as raſh, ever
With inconſiderate haſt, obſtructs it's own deſigns.

Auſ. 'Tis a blind guide indeed, yet with well meaning zeal
But leads us from our way; baſe treachery
Taking by Paths, through dark and muddy ways,
Sinks us in filth, which tho' we gain our end,
Expoſes us to ſhame, Diſcovering
The vile Steps we trod.

King. But we who ſacrifis'd to Vertue, our deſires,
Have in ſubmiſſively reſigning,
Obtain'd our utmoſt Wiſhes; th'event of things
Wiſe Providence directs, leaves nothing to our care,
Or charge, but our own actions;
Yet with Prepoſterous idle diligence,
We to diſpoſe of Deſtiny project,
And the ſmall Provence in our power neglect.

FINIS.

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